

Premiere Issue

N E W • Y O R K

# NATIVE



December 5 - 18, 1980 Issue Number One

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## The West Street MASSACRE

Why is Hollywood  
Dressing Gays to Kill?

Columns by  
Dlugos, Grumley, and Judell

George Whitmore's New Serial  
"Deep Dish"

Andrew Holleran  
meets Mr. Blueboy



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Well, here we are: a newspaper that wants to be the best gay newspaper in New York City. We're the *New York Native*, and with your help, we're here to stay.

Actually, we're not strangers to you. We're already involved in a four-year relationship with many of you. We're the same gang that runs *Christopher Street*. We've decided to throw ourselves onto newsprint with a vengeance (and taste and style, of course).

Any of you who have been following the plight of *Christopher Street* already know that the *New York Native* is our strategy to bolster the finances of *Christopher Street*. We've always intended to add a newspaper to our efforts, but we thought it would come after *Christopher Street* achieved great success. We still expect big things from *Christopher Street*. The national gay community needs a slick, non-pornographic gay publication of serious literary value, and *Christopher Street* has achieved a great

deal of success in terms of quality. *Publishers Weekly* recently referred to it as "the most prestigious gay publication in America."

We hope to establish the *New York Native* as a lively, informative, and widely read newspaper that will provide gay New Yorkers with the kind of communications network that it desperately needs if it is to survive politically and culturally.

We're publishing the *New York Native* because gay life is not a phase most of us are going through, but a creative, committed life style that should make our lives open-minded, interesting, and fulfilling.

We're publishing the *New York Native* because gay power in New York must be tangible. Without strong gay media in New York, gay power is just the say-so of a handful of gay leaders that some television or radio station deigns to interview.

We're publishing the *New York Native*

because even though New York is the greatest city in the world, there are a lot of people here who do not live in the spirit of New York and are doing everything possible to make life miserable for you.

We're also publishing the *New York Native* because there are a lot of unbogged, progressive, nongay New Yorkers who should have a gay newspaper they can read to understand how you feel about life in New York City. (But don't worry—you're our main concern.)

We're here because even though some of us were born in Kansas or Ohio or Texas or Puerto Rico or Europe, as soon as we knew we were both gay and addicted to the life of high-powered cities, we became Native New Yorkers.

We're publishing the *New York Native* because gay New Yorkers are one of the most exciting and diverse tribes in the world. It's time that this Emerald City recognized you for the Natives you are.

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By Charles Ortles

Photography by Harold Jay Klein

**T**hursday, November 20. Feeling and action were at war when I got to the Ramrod the day after the West Street Massacre. A couple of cameramen and a few nameless but familiar political faces milled somberly around in front of the Ramrod in the cold gray afternoon. "Tonight is the night to show grief and togetherness," said one bystander to another.

A wreath on the door of the Ramrod and a few flowers and pulsing candles on the sidewalk had turned what one friend of mine considers "the butchest bar" into an ad-hoc shrine. I remembered the talks with my friend about masculinity and the Ramrod. I once took two steps inside with my friend and then turned around and walked out because I couldn't deal with the idea of the place. I remembered reading John Rechy's *Rushes*, which was about a fictionalized night at a place a lot like the Ramrod. I remembered my friend telling me that when he took a cab there he would have it stop a block away. There was something about getting out of a cab in front of the Ramrod that was, well, not masculine.

My friend and I would often make the Ramrod stand for the masculinization of gay men. He loved it, and could accept nothing less. I liked to make jokes about it. I suggested going to the Ramrod in a leather jacket and a tiara—or worse, with a tambourine. Or worse yet, I imagined everyone in the Ramrod joining hands and swaying to the music. Not funny. Not masculine.

Now people were standing in front of the butchest bar in Manhattan, and they were swaying to very un-disco-like music. They were holding hands, raising

fists, and crying. The masculinized new face of the gay masses suddenly looked disarmingly vulnerable. The silences that would last into the night were profound. If people weren't numb, they were thinking deep and long. They were thinking about the other bars. They were trying to incorporate the image of a man with a machine gun into their notions of gay life in New York City. They were thinking about Ronald Reagan, the Moral Majority, and the very meaning of gay life itself. They were thinking about their, favorite bartenders, about blood on the sidewalk, and about fate, for only fate had made them the mourners rather than the mourned.

**A**ndy Humm was waiting to talk to ABC. He was worried that afternoon that a serious political context would be lost in the emotions of the moment. "There's a poisonous atmosphere in this city against gay people. We can't even pass a gay rights bill. This kind of stuff is encouraged and somehow legitimized." He was afraid that the "bar people" would only emphasize the need to police the neighborhood.

Mike Greenberg, who had already been interviewed by the *New York Post*, was eager to place the events of the preceding night in a "New York is a dangerous-place-for-everyone" context. He'd been shot at, but was unhurt. "The tragedy is not that it is a gay person or a straight person, but that two twenty-year-old people were killed because of the availability of a machine gun. It has nothing to do with gay or straight. It could happen to anybody. I don't think it's a gay issue. If he's a psycho, how would he ever have been on the Transi-

Authority's police force, unless he suddenly became a psycho. It doesn't speak well for the caliber of the police. I'm Mike Greenberg, and I work in an advertising agency, and I have credibility. I think it's tragic. I don't think it's a gay as much as a gun lobby issue. And I'm just as gay as anybody else. I hope it's not a harbinger of things to come. The irony is that Anita Bryant just came out with a statement that she's sorry for what she did."

Back to Andy Humm. Andy was angry that a lot of gay people were going to go to work the next day and talk about the event using the closeted "them" rather than the more political "we." "That's the stuff that perpetuates it more than anything," he explained. "We let myths about ourselves continue. It's our biggest problem."

Eddie ("Skull") Murphy, who cuts an Eric Hoffer-like figure in the gay world, is a man who seems always to have his finger on the pulse of gay street life. He gazed angrily out onto West Street. He had recently been attacked himself in front of Peter Rabbit by what he called "straight wise guys." "Four or five had driven by and jumped out of a car and started throwing punches. I threw a bottle through the guy's windshield."

Andy Humm was nearby, talking about a friend who had recently been attacked by a group of kids: "He picked up a lead pipe and said, 'You might kill me, but I'm gonna take you with me.'"

Skull Murphy told me that even as they were standing there in front of the Ramrod that day, a car had stopped and someone had shouted, "Faggots!" Murphy commented that West Street has been a shooting gallery for some time.

Someone else told me that a favorite sport is to try to run gay people down when they're crossing West Street.

Andy Humm, who has had extensive experience trying to get the Catholic Church to stop persecuting gay people, had called the Archdiocese that day to ask for a statement. They responded by saying that they don't make statements on police actions. A memorial service at Washington Square Memorial Church had been scheduled for Monday, November 24 at 8 p.m., and Humm left an invitation for the Cardinal. William Sloan Coffin would be there. People like that.

Skull Murphy was working up a new burst of anger. "They have the Guardian Angels, well, we're gonna have the Guardian Fairies. We take license plate numbers of cars and give them to the police, all the time. You can't blame this precinct [the sixth]. They're understaffed. They have to put all their cops in Washington Square Park because some politician's wife once saw a wino pissing on some tree. This isn't the first time we've been shot at. Where's Koch? He's worried about what happens in France and Israel. How many times do we have a massacre in this city and your mayor doesn't show up?"

Mike Greenberg had been standing by, and he didn't like what he was hearing. He immediately chimed in, "He's the first pro-gay mayor we've ever had. If anything, the one who is with gays is Koch. I've lived in New York for forty years, and Koch is the first man to be sympathetic or even listen."

Skull Murphy started chanting, "Andrew Stein! Andrew Stein!" I asked Skull if Stein had been down, and he said that he'd sent a representative.



# West Street MASSACRE

"Koch appointed a gay commissioner for human rights," said Greenberg.

"What does that mean? It's a bullshit job that has no power. Koch hasn't been down here one time to see our troubles," responded Murphy.

(In fairness to Koch, during the afternoon of the following day, he told the press that "Shootings of any kind, particularly those resulting in the death of innocent persons, are deplorable and outrageous. When acts of violence are based on race, religion, or sexual orientation, I believe there is a special place in hell for those who engage in such violence.")

I decided to leave the scene of the murders for a while to go listen to Michel Foucault and Richard Sennett at New York University.

**N**eedless to say, the ideas of Michel Foucault are not always easy to follow, even when you haven't just come from the site of a machine gun massacre. It was an odd experience to be in a hall listening to Sennett and Foucault talk around the ideas of sexuality and solitude, listening and waiting all the while for their ideas to somehow land on one's own experience, to come down to earth. It was the opposite of what was happening a few blocks away, where something so absolute and earthy as murder needed some political idea

to contain the shock. Later in the evening, the two worlds united, at least in the presence of Michel Foucault and Richard Sennett, who participated in the final rally of the evening.

I'm thirty years old and have been out of school for eight years, and every time I return to an academic environment my body instantly synthesizes a No-Doz-type substance all by itself and I end up feeling overstimulated. A roomful of intelligent ideas and people is sometimes more than I can take. Add to that the *deja-vu* feeling that I was attending a lecture on Kant or Heidegger on the day of the Kent State shootings, and you have the poorest imaginable student of the ideas of Foucault and Sennett. I did make a lot of notes, and will have to reconstruct their joint lectures one of these days when history calms down. Perhaps most memorable was Foucault's statement regarding the relationship between the self and sexuality' proposed by Christianity, that

"Christians saw the human erection as the image of man revolting against God."

The Foucault-Sennett lectures did at least dovetail with one hysterical sentence that keeps looping around in my mind: we're actually still fighting religious wars. We're actually on the brink of losing religious freedom. The past actually can be undone. In a world of montage, we're about to cut away to a fascistic point in time: yesterday.

I walked back to Sheridan Square thinking about the literal yesterday. I ran into a friend who was in town for an acting class. The machine gun has obsessed him too. "It set up the iconography of execution. It's up-against-the-wall time. There's something so indiscriminate about a machine gun."

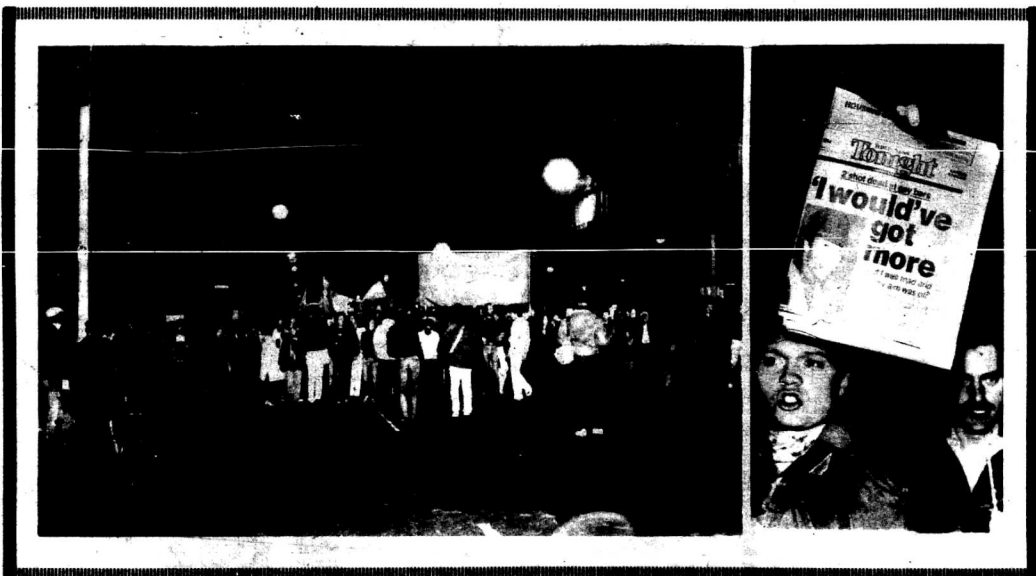
**I**t was six o'clock and a lot colder. The first rally of the night was forming in Sheridan Square. Candles were passed around among 500 to 700 people. The

chants to be put in the time capsule: "Gay, straight, black, white: same struggle, same fight," and "Gay life ain't cheap! Gay life ain't cheap!" Only feebleness was invoked when a couple of voices called for "Justice, justice."

At the front of the march were some gay-movement survivors like Arthur Bell and Craig Rodwell. I saw someone who once told me he really wasn't gay. Machine guns do strange things to your sense of reality: a plane flying overhead is suddenly an ominous sound.

"We Shall Overcome" was about as close as the crowd could get to real sentiment. It was sung several times as the parade approached West Street. A right turn and several hundred gay people were about to stand where a madman had said that he would have killed them all if he hadn't been so mad. Ronald Crumpley, Age 38, Ex-Transit cop. Reportedly thrown out of gay porn theaters for your-guess-is-as-good-as-mine. Son of a minister. The *Post* and the *News* have painted him as one mean,

"Machine guns do strange things to your sense of reality: a plane flying overhead is suddenly an ominous sound."



"The people that your future and mine depend on were placing candles and flowers at one of the bars in which no one can safely hide ever again."

crazy dude. The papers are scurrying to get inside his head until the next New York murder comes along. No, this crowd wasn't marching because Ronald Crumpley might be crazy. This crowd was marching because people like Ronald Crumpley and Jerry Falwell and Paul Laxalt and Strom Thurmond could have a lot of fun with the American Constitution if they wanted to. And they could do it in about as much time as they think it took God to create the New Right Universe.

The crowd faced the Ramrod. All traffic on that side of West Street was re-routed. A speaker with a megaphone that only added tin to the volume of his voice reminded the crowd of the Harvey Milk murder two years ago in San Francisco. "Ironically, he was also murdered by an ex-policeman. He was also a man who had strict religious training against lesbian people." He went on, but at the mention of the police some people in the crowd shouted "Wrong, wrong, wrong." At that point it became clear that this would not be Kaddish. Briefly (and sacrilegiously, considering the occasion), this was going to be an obsessive-compulsive return to the old Gay Activists Alliance meetings at the Firehouse eight or nine years ago. I recognized the speaker as someone from those old days, and he suddenly and maturely read the mood of the crowd and the moment: "We all could have had our names in the paper today as murder victims. The main thing tonight is to have a commemoration here." That was what every mind was reaching for that night; the main thing.

Some people chanted: "Where's Koch? Where's Koch?"

A woman got up to speak into that sad little megaphone. (Practical note: Will all gay sound people please come forward and put together serious sound equipment that can be taken to a demonstration at a moment's notice?) "We have got to know what is happening to our people," she said. "We must go to court whenever there is a case of a gay bashing. We have got to let the courts know that we are not going to tolerate low sentences and low bail."

David Sasser got up to describe a horrifying and all-too-familiar incident that had occurred late Sunday night (see Sasser's story in this issue).

And then Skull Murphy got up and asked for it. "Where's Ed Koch? I don't know where he is, but I know where we'll be next November." And then, having liked the sound of it so much earlier that afternoon, he repeated his line about Koch paying more attention to Israel and France, except that he threw the word "fucking" somewhere in this sentence, and a woman shouted, "Watch your language." To which he respectfully responded, "Kiss my ass." That was it. The crowd began mumbling and grumbling, and Murphy was lost in the disgruntled buzz. For a while we got lost somewhere between *As I Lay Dying* and a gay-lib burlesque show. And we were standing where two young gay men who loved life would never have a drink or meet another man again. It was as though this first rally had been a communal defense reaction to prevent the facts from sinking in.

An announcement was made that the

second rally would begin shortly at Sheridan Square, and that it would follow the same route down Christopher Street. It was also announced that people could come forward to place their flowers and candles at the door of the Ramrod.

At last, the heart was scared by the facts. Two by two gay men and lesbians silently, slowly approached the battered door, each with a look that was exquisitely focused on the meaning of this loss. People who had been denied too much for too long now had to invent their own form of mourning. And it is a mourning that comes out unstopped from the child in every adult. The best faces in Manhattan had tears streaming down them. The people that your future and mine depend on were placing

candles and flowers at one of the bars in which no one can safely hide ever again.

Near the door a few men in bomber jackets leaned up against the building sobbing and holding each other. These

He looked stunned, as if he wasn't sure where he was. His name was Stanley, and he had just flown into New York the week before to see 23-year-old Jorg, with whom he had been very close in Amsterdam. Stanley apologized for his

## "West Street has been a shooting gallery for some time."

were the gay next-of-kin, friends and lovers of the wounded and the deceased. Someone pointed out a man who was a friend of Jorg Wentz, one of the murdered men: a tall, handsome blond man in a cowboy hat with tears in his eyes.

English, which wasn't bad. "We used to work together in Amsterdam in a gay hotel. He had come less than a year ago to this country. I had a letter for him because no one knew where he was. He was like a brother to me. And now he's



## "A car driven by a man who had something against gay corteges turned onto Christopher from West."

dead, and there's nothing to say. His parents live in Germany. I gave the police their address. They had lost touch with Jorg for two years. He called them two days ago and said that he was happy in New York and that he had a nice home to live in and that he had decided to stay in New York."

I asked Stanley what he thought of the parade and rally. "I think this demonstration is stupid. People got killed last night and now all they want to talk about is politics and black and white. We're not used to this in Holland. I was supposed to fly back the twelfth of De-

pounded a slow dirge on a bass drum, and as I looked around me I seemed to see everyone I'd ever known in New York. When the crowd reached the Ramrod this time, the band played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the crowd sang it in the way that only broken hearts can sing it. Candles and fists were raised. And after a moment of dark silence, you heard it as if you were hearing it for the first time: taps.

Several speakers tried once again to evoke "the main thing." But that megaphone was too small and the crowd was

When one of the policemen reached the driver's door, the car sped away. Several men immediately approached the cops and asked what they would do. A number of people had gotten the license plate number, which the cops wrote down. Then they told the group that the man would be charged with "a moving traffic violation, going through a red light." We've all got a lot to learn about justice 1980 when trying to run people over amounts to going through a red light. (A psychological note about the incident: you cannot terrorize the numb.)

political and cultural clout in this city. We invite all the budding leaders of a new gay movement to use this paper as their think tank. In the political situation we're in today, the best revenge is going to be the imagination.

On the Saturday after the shooting, I went to the Gay Market to hear the New York City Gay Men's Chorus. Both the market and the chorus are prime examples of the kinds of things we need to do culturally and economically to bring people together in a dynamic way. Ask anyone who was there, and they'll tell you about the kind of social electricity

## "In a world of montage, we're about to cut away to a fascistic point in time."

cember, but I'm going back as soon as I can. This is my fifth time in New York. And my last time."

**T**he second march to the bar, which formed sometime after nine o'clock, was as different from the first march as 1980 is from 1970. There were several thousand people there instead of several hundred. The Gay Community Marching Band led the march and set the tone professionally and respectfully. Also leading the cortege were a group of people who had recently been attacked around the Village; they called themselves "The Battered Gays."

The Gay Community Marching Band

too large and the event was somehow too overreaching for any more stabs at rhetoric. Feeling tonight; action tomorrow. The band led the exhausted crowd back up Christopher Street.

And then, just in case anyone forgot, came additional reassurance that there is evil in the world. As the last few hundred people made their way back up Christopher Street, a car driven by a man who had something against gay corteges turned onto Christopher from West Street and sped up behind the retreating crowd. People jumped aside and two policemen blew whistles and chased the car which had threatened the crowd. It made a left onto Washington, where it stopped after about twenty yards.

**S**o what is to be done? Well, everything. At the *New York Native*, we're going to make every effort to show all gay people in New York how they can plug into gay organizations in ways that will be personally fulfilling while helping to build the strongest gay community possible—unless we all want to spend weekends walking up and down Christopher Street holding candles and waiting for the Gay Community Marching Band to learn Mahler's Ninth.

There are already a lot of gay organizations whose work and impact will be covered regularly in this newspaper. We need many new and innovative gay organizations if we are to exercise serious

that we don't always feel in the other places we meet. Once again one could feel shivers of community, this time the creative, upbeat kind. I'm sure I wasn't alone in hearing "the main thing" about the West Street Massacre—and "the main thing" about our future as a people—when the chorus belted out, "It's up to you, New York, New York."



### CALLING ALL GAY ORGANIZATIONS!

Write us and let us know when your organization meets.

We'll include your club or organization in our Organizations page in upcoming issues of the *NATIVE*.

Write: Organizations Page, *NEW YORK NATIVE*, Room 417, 250 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10107.

Photographs by John Preston

## At St. Vincent's Hospital

By John Preston



**R**ichard and I had been sleeping together in a relaxed manner for the past few months. I didn't know Rene very well. I was aware that he was one of Richard's new boyfriends. We were friendly to one another; we spoke whenever we saw one another on the street or in a bar.

They were the first two men shot by Ronald Crumpley.

I doubt whether Richard or Rene ever went to a political rally in their lives. I, on the other hand, am an old trouper. I have attended demonstrations and marches and conferences for over ten years. If I hadn't known Richard and Rene I would have marched. I would have been saddened. I would have been angry. The rage of the white candles would have been mine.

But I do know them. I know them as young, vulnerable, emotional men. I

in bloodstained bandages. But what else can you do?

Every man who visited Richard and Rene was sharply aware that it could have been him. Only an accident of timing kept each of us from walking down Washington Street or being in the Ramrod when the Uzi shattered its windows.

It was particularly enraging to those of us who knew Richard and Rene that these two—two of the most-innocent and harmless members of the city's leather community—would be the victims. The insanity of Ronald Crumpley's act was intensified by the randomness of its victims. I would have been enraged if the victim had been a political figure, but I would have understood. I would have been enraged if the victim had verbally abused Ronald Crumpley, but I would have understood. Richard and Rene I could not understand. I

tion, we combined it with some money from friends, and on the second day we bought them the most luxurious portable Panasonic I could find. It was a relief to do something.

That second day was more calm and sane. Both men were less knocked out by pain and drugs. They could talk about the events and their reactions.

The community had mobilized for them. Gay Nurses Alliance had provided special volunteer care. Gay doctors came to the room to make sure they were getting everything they needed. The Metropolitan Community Church was working with the Red Cross to contact Rene's brother in the Navy and get him to New York. They knew about the marches and looked at my proof sheets to see the hundreds who mourned the dead and grieved for Richard and Rene.

We talked about the community's re-

talked about the scene in the Emergency Ward. The staff had been on a major catastrophe alert. I explained that while the numbers seemed small the wounds were so grievous the staff had to work at top efficiency to save Rene. Two had already died in the hospital.

Richard's mother sobbed suddenly. "It could have been Richard."

It could have been me.

By the third day their spirits had risen. I asked Richard how he felt. "You know, it's crazy, but one thing that really bothers me is my sweatshirt. I had just bought the damn thing and this bastard puts a bullet through it. Then, when I got to the hospital, they cut off the rest of it. It was brand new. I really liked it. Isn't it crazy that that bothers me?"

Today we really are more sane. The mundane details need to be handled. I

## Every man who visited Richard and Rene was sharply aware that it could have been him.

have held Richard in my arms. I have kissed Rene on the lips. I went to St. Vincent's Hospital the next day to be with them. Their wounds were the political wounds of the community, but their wounds had flesh for me.

The first day Rene was barely conscious. He had been admitted in critical condition with multiple gunshot wounds throughout his body. Richard, through whose chest a bullet had entered and exited, was in great pain, but he could talk.

It's not enough to say that the two men, who eventually had neighboring beds, were pale. Their skin was grey. Their bodies were covered with a sickly sweat. There was no position that could give them any comfort.

I spent the afternoon giving the two men what help I could. Many other friends arrived and did the same. Each of us had automatically brought flowers. It is such an impotent act to deliver a dozen mums to someone who is wrapped

spent the day watching them and trying to work with others to help them.

The first day was filled with our tears and their pain. That night I went to both rallies in the Village and marched and took photographs. Since I have a political history I understood the rally and the need for people to express themselves. But at that moment my politics were intensely personal. I couldn't take my mind off of the two men I had left at St. Vincent's.

I also knew the murder victims. That grief has not registered yet. I have been forced to deal with the pain of the living and it has taken all of my energy.

All the visitors who came to the hospital the first day expressed a need to do something for Richard and Rene. Anything. The immediacy of their pain had been too great for them to think of anything we could do for them. Finally Richard admitted it would be nice to have a radio. I called someone at *Mandate* magazine. The staff took a collec-

tion, and about the identification each gay person in New York had with the two of them—"It could have been me." Richard and Rene are not gay politicians, but they understood that solidarity immediately. They knew they would have marched if it had been someone else.

Richard's mother and sister arrived from Wilkes-Barre. Typically, he ended up taking more care of them than they were able to take care of him. He explained that all the victims were leathermen. The fact that he was wearing a motorcycle jacket provided Crumpley as much as a transvestite's drag would have. It was a signal that he was a faggot.

"How can you use that word?" his sister asked. "It's so negative!"

"It's what they call us," Richard said, looking away.

We were all so much more calm than the day before. Richard and Rene wanted to know more about what had happened. I told them what I knew. We

walked Richard's mother through the billing office and tried to help her understand what documents were needed to arrange Medicaid. She talked to the doctors.

Rene and Richard were more aware of the small comforts that we could provide. Rene was awake enough to read and wanted some magazines. Richard wanted a clean jockstrap. Friends and visitors were dispatched to collect whatever the two could think of.

In the midst of a political storm and the community grief, these two men would go on living. Our attentions were focused on their personal needs. It was a relief to have something to do and to take up the time.

It was Richard who brought us back. "You know," he said quietly, "I'm just happy it was over with so fast. It was so quick. And I'm happy there weren't more people shot. There could have been so many more. It's a miracle."

By Charles Ortlieb

One of the most important and unpleasant tasks for the *New York Native* is going to be keeping the community abreast of all violence against gay people. When we asked David Sasser to describe an assault that he underwent on Bleeker Street just three nights before the Ramrod Massacre, he was hesitant because he was afraid that we would ignore all the other incidents that have been occurring throughout Manhattan. As the *New York Native* grows in circulation and staff, we will report and follow up on every single incident in which a person is attacked because he or she is gay.

The above photo was taken shortly after the attack on David. It is a rare photograph because almost all the results of violence against gays in New York go unphotographed as well as unreported. David is out of the closet. One of the many prices that people in the closet have to pay is that their assaults can only be anonymously shared with the community.

I talked with David on Sunday, November 23, a few days after the Ramrod Massacre. He was one of two men injured during a November 17 attack. The other man was Vincent Sapienza, whom David did not formally meet until they reached St. Vincent's Hospital together after their ordeal.

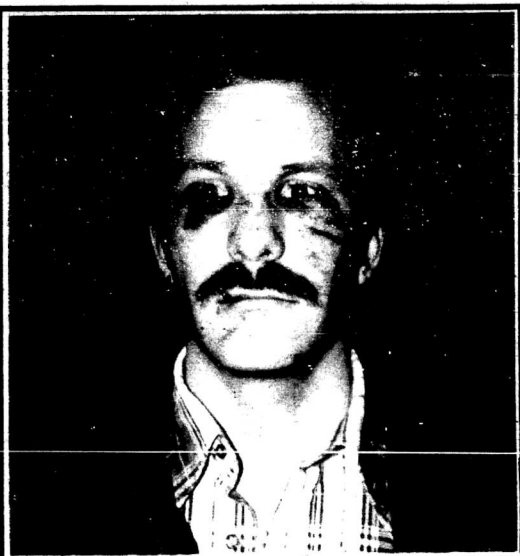
The following is David Sasser's description of the events that took place around 1 a.m. in the heart of the West Village.

"Vincent Sapienza was standing in roller skates at West 4th and Christopher Streets. He had stopped to let a car pass. A guy rolled down the window of the car and said, 'Boy, those are really a nice pair of roller skates.' Vincent replied, 'Yeah, they're nice, you should get a pair.' Immediately the guy in the car yelled 'Faggot!' and spat on him. The guy got out of the car with a beer bottle in his hand, so Vincent took off and headed for a group of people he saw at Christopher and Waverly Streets, thinking that the group would offer some protection. And of course they didn't.

"When Vincent got to the corner, the guy got him over the head with the bottle. He got a really nasty gash on the back of his head. Then there were three other guys running toward him.

"I came upon the incident because I was walking up Christopher and I was about to cross Gay Street when I saw someone on the ground screaming. I saw four men literally stomping him. I said to the four men, 'Why did you do that?' I probably shouldn't have said a word—I should've gone to a phone or something. A blond guy behind me said, 'You want to be next?' I said, 'No, I don't want to be next, but I'm not going to ignore it.' I kept trying to walk because they were obviously paying a lot of attention to me at that point.

"Another guy with dark hair, whose face I remembered later, said, 'Watch out, you're a witness.' I kept moving toward Seventh Avenue. They followed



Early Monday Morning, November 17  
Bleeker Street

me and then disappeared momentarily, and by the time I crossed Seventh Avenue and was half-way up the block toward Bleeker, somebody grabbed me from behind by the shoulder and I got it full force in the face. I tried to get back at the guy, and then I saw the other guy who had been talking to me running around the car which had appeared next to me.

"They were on me, and they got me to the ground. They were kicking me and stomping me in the face. So much was happening to me that I didn't know it, but other people tell me they were using beer bottles to cut me. There were blows coming from every direction, and I couldn't tell what was what. Then I couldn't believe what was happening, but somebody had gotten down and was trying to bite my car off. All of a sud-

den I could identify them. The police had caught the dark-haired one who had said, 'Watch out, you're a witness,' and they had him in the police car. It was very definitely him. Then I went on to the hospital, and that's where I met Vincent. Then we realized that we were both part of the same attack.

"Not long after that, the police brought in a second suspect. I understand there were five. Apparently what they were doing was driving around, and one was shifting the location of the car so they could get in and out quickly. I wonder how many other people would have been hurt if the police hadn't caught them after my incident.

"The police have been very helpful. They've given me help that I haven't been able to get out of the court system. It was only last night [November 22]

**"Now I realize I can't even walk the streets. It's coming after me now."**

den I felt warm breath and then the guy was ripping at my head with his teeth. The whole time I was screaming at people. 'Call the police! Call the police!'

"I got up and started down Bleeker Street. My right vision was gone altogether, and I just had a fragment of vision in my left eye to tell I was on the sidewalk. That was for several minutes that I was blinded like that, and by the time my vision returned, there was an ambulance there. The ambulance driver had been having coffee somewhere and had called the police. I was lucky that the police got there so quickly. No sooner did I see the ambulance than I saw a police car drive up.

"The ambulance driver kept trying to get me in the ambulance to go with them, but I knew the police were there, and I wanted to be sure if they caught

that I got any call from the District Attorney's. The arraignment had occurred without my knowledge. Originally, they had been charged with a felony, but the charges were reduced to a misdemeanor, and had I not been lucky enough to have friends to tell me where to go to press for information, we would never even be able to know that there's going to be a hearing tomorrow [November 24]. I've had so little information. The D.A. doesn't care about communicating information to victims. All they care about is clearing their court calendar. So they make the charges the least possible so they can plea bargain the case right out. I did get them to read the report to me over the phone from the D.A.'s office. The report was very incomplete, and it minimized the damage that had been done to me and it said nothing

Photograph by Roy Misonnick

about the fractures that had occurred. They had been very sloppy and incomplete in their reporting, so the court just sees this piece of paper that says a guy just had a few stitches.

"Well, the stitches are out now, but as you can see I have a big gash that's healing. My nose was fractured into a number of pieces. I have a fracture under my left eye. My right shoulder is partially dislocated. This morning when I was just trying to pour coffee it popped out of its joint and it's very painful. They kept asking me in the Emergency Room if I'd been stabbed and if I felt any pain in my ass or back, and I kept saying no. There were so many things that were hurting so much worse. Apparently, the ambulance driver had seen the blond guy pull a knife on me and try to stab me in the ass. I didn't think much of it, but I later looked at myself in the mirror and I did have a small cut on my ass with a bruise around it. Luckily, they didn't get me badly, but it's obviously a knife cut, and the pants I was wearing have a hole in them right where this cut is. All I can say is that there was double denim where my pocket was, and my wallet was there, so they didn't get through. They just barely nicked me. I'm going to preserve those pants in their present condition, because they did try to knife me.

"I'm just very lucky that the ambulance drivers were there. They saved my life. Vincent has a gash by his right eye that looks pretty deep. He got a cut across the back of his head from a beer bottle. He had perhaps been wiser than me in that he had tried to cover his face, once they had started stomping. I had started to shout. I left myself exposed.

"I have friends who are helping me put a civil suit together. I've heard that one of the guys that beat me earns \$30,000 a year. I'm concerned that this go to trial. I've been told that I should not use the two names, because I've been told that it will prejudice further legal action.

"The arresting officer was Alan King. The two that they caught were 25 and 27. They're not teenagers. They're people who've been around a little longer. They should have a little respect for human life.

"For ten years I've been working in television production. For the last two years I've been working for a nonprofit corporation that makes available equipment for independent producers. Many years ago I was deeply involved in the earlier gay liberation movement. For a time I lived in a video collective. I was never part of a large organization, I was always a part of smaller, ad-hoc organizations.

"For the last five or six years, I've been concentrating on my professional skills. I felt I could be out, be myself, and still pursue my career. Now I realize I can't even walk the streets. It's coming after me now."



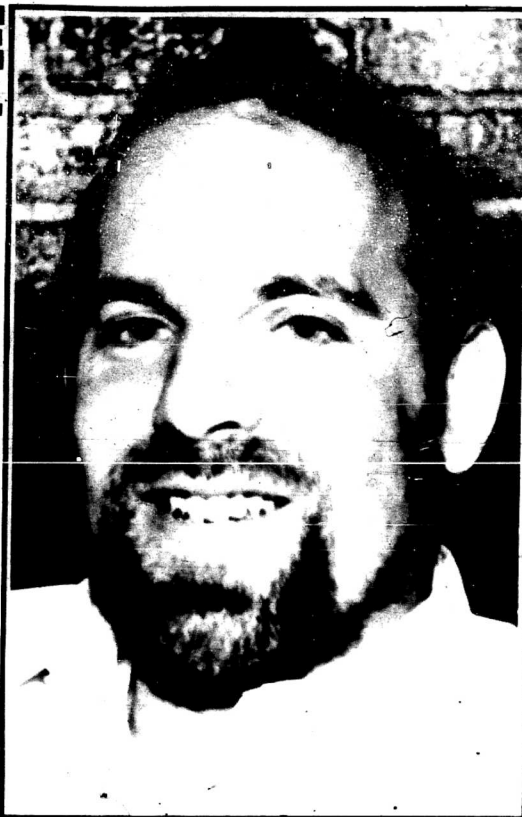
# NATIVE

## INTERVIEW

Photography by Harold Jay Klein

### Can Jim Levin Become the First Gay City Councilperson?

By Sean Lawrence



The death of Tony Olivieri was a sad occasion for all New Yorkers. He was a good friend to the gay community at a time when we don't have nearly enough friends in the New York City Council.

The selection process involved in filling Olivieri's vacant delegate-at-large seat has opened up the possibility of a gay person actually making it into the City Council for the first time.

Jim Levin was still in the middle of the decision-making process when I did this interview two weeks ago.

to push for a full County Committee [selection process] instead of the Executive Council because my chances are better. While the Executive Committee is composed of 160 people, there are 4000 people on the full County Committee.

**Do you have more clout with the full County Committee than the 160 leaders?**  
They are average people rather than the professional politicians.

**What is your relationship to Miriam Bockman?**

Not particularly hostile or friendly.

**Bockman is close to Koch, isn't she?**  
She's his choice for the Committee Chairmanship and she's from the Village Democrats, the same club he's out of.

**Does Koch have a choice for the seat?**

He has announced that Bill Woodward is his choice. Woodward is busy explaining to people that he is not the mayor's choice or that he doesn't want to be the mayor's choice.

There's a large annoyance with the mayor among the professional politicians. It's been exasperated by the election results. Many feel that he's responsible for the Holtzman loss.

**Who else is looking for this job right now?**

The joke in the political community is that half of Manhattan is looking for the job. The procedure of running is inexpensive and not too time-consuming compared to running an election. You don't have to file petitions to qualify. You leave it awfully open for people to say they're running and you probably won't have any real feel for who's running until the week before.

**Are you putting together a real campaign?**

We'll go step by step this time to see how people respond to the idea that

there's a campaign. There's a point to it. The idea is to say that gays are not an underrepresented constituency but an absolutely *unrepresented* constituency in the Council, and we're tired of having to go to other people to ask for things. It's time we had somebody there to do them.

Ken Sherrill is effective on the Executive County Committee because he's there. He doesn't have to run to anybody and ask them to bring things up. So even if we can't win a Council seat, we can show people that we want it and that we deserve some kind of representation. Some of the talk that's going around is that there should be another black or Hispanic person on the Council. And if this sort of argument is being used, we are certainly more underrepresented than any of those groups.

**How much money will you spend on the campaign?**

At this point it doesn't cost very much money. There isn't very much we're going to have to do. If we're only having 160 people decide the election, the main job is to talk to them face to face. You have to send out a mailing, but a mailing to 160 people is negligible. If you're dealing with the whole County Committee and you have reach 4000 people, your printing bills become a little higher and you have to do the mailings and probably a couple of parties.

**What percentage of the County Committee is gay?**

Ken Sherrill has done a good job of appointing gay people from his particular area since the district leader usually picks the County Committee people. People who are active in reform politics in Manhattan are so minimal that any-

body who is gay and in a political club and the least bit active is probably a County Committee member. So we may have fifty to a hundred members of the County Committee who are gay. The influence is there. It's a significant enough body of people to work the floor.

**What about other minorities?**

Well, the blacks and Hispanics have organized their own communities so that all their community leaders are black or Hispanic, but not enough to make a big fight in the committee.

**Are we going to have a situation where it's blacks and Hispanics against gays?**

We do in that committee anyway, to be honest. The chair of that committee is Fred Samuel. He voted against the discharge of the gay rights bill last time. The committee actually meets just once. It elects a chair and disbands. It's a non-purposeful body and unless it has to fill a vacancy, which doesn't happen very often, it doesn't do anything.

At the last County Committee meeting, gay people tried to unseat Fred Samuel—something that had never happened before—and it caused a shock in the whole place. We had a very elaborate roll call. He barely managed to keep his chair, even though he was running against no one. It was a strikingly close election and it shocked people.

**Is he an enemy of the gay community?**

He's a sponsor of the gay rights bill, but many people on the liberal side of the City Council are automatic friends because that's the liberal litany—you're supposed to be for gay rights. But it's something that you sell off for other benefits. They will do it very quickly.

**What impact do you think the presence of a gay person on the City Council would have?**

# Unrepresented, not UNDER represented



That's one of the reasons for running: because I really feel that our impact on the City Council a few days a year is not enough. It's only during the hearings on the gay rights bill that anybody thinks of gay people even being around. If they had to face a gay person not only as a staff member, but as an actual Council person every day bringing up issues, then they would find it a lot more difficult to be adamant in their lack of support. And in fact I think that some of those people who consider themselves liberals would have to broaden their viewpoints.

I'm annoyed, for instance, that there's a private clubs bill before the City Council which lists, as usual, all sorts of groups which are discriminated against by certain clubs, whether it's women or on the basis of racial or ethnic background—but not us. And no one has even suggested putting that in as an amendment. They feel that it would kill any chance of having the bill passed, but that's not the way it should be.

At least it should have to become compromised out in order to pass, but that's for other people to do. But as gay people, we would have to be faced with the fact that gays are discriminated against too. Every piece of housing legislation would have to be amended to include something about the status of gays in housing. Every piece of employment legislation. And the tactic isn't new. It's the one Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. used when he was the only black member of Congress. He was on the Education and Labor Committee, and

he amended every piece of legislation to include something about black civil rights. I think we have to do that in New York City.

**What is your background?**

I'm a member of the New York Bar, but I really don't practice much. Most of the things I do are for friends or to help people. I teach at City University. My Ph.D. is in history, and I teach remedial social science to minority students. I've taught English as a second language to mostly black and Hispanic students.

**You're also a member of the Gay Democratic Club. How big is that organization now?**

We're between 200 and 300 paid members, although we have a mailing list that's in the five figures.

**I understand you were involved in Gay Vote '80. Can you explain what that was?**

Through Gay Vote '80 we have started to target precincts for the election. These were targeted through the White House, the Democratic National Committee, and it wasn't just in New York. It was in all the major cities.

It was done so that people couldn't say afterwards, "Well, you just said those were gay precincts." We picked them out to show how they had voted. And in the Presidential election and the Senatorial election that we looked at, the voters in those districts turned out very heavily. The election district which covers the Christopher Street area in the Village had over a thousand voters voting. I'd be surprised if it isn't one of the biggest—if not the biggest—voter turnout in the city. That precinct cast 900

votes for Holtzman, for instance. And I'd say that was the highest response in the city.

So we delivered very high percentages for the candidates we supported. And it puts lies to several of the things people have said in the past, like that gays don't vote, that they aren't a real constituency, that they don't vote the same way.

**Do you think that part of the problem in creating more political clout has been the lack of a substantial gay newspaper?**

Absolutely—a gay communication organ that has good circulation, not a drop-off piece in the bars that's thrown away.

**Is running for the delegate-at-large seat a matter of estimating how many gay voters there are in the city and soliciting their vote?**

Anybody would be foolish to think that just organizing the gay vote is the way to win the election. One of the real things that has to be done is to sell me as more than a single-issue candidate, and I have to pull out all the other associations that I have that would win votes.

**What are the other issues?**

Tenants' Rights and Westway and other minority civil rights are examples.

**Where are we now in terms of the gay rights bill?**

We're in the midst of a big battle inside the gay community about that. Neighborhood groups in Manhattan are very hesitant about whether they want it reintroduced at all. Members of G.L.I.D. (Gay and Lesbian Independent Democrats) want to reintroduce the bill because they feel that a loss would not be that damaging and, in fact, putting

the bill through the City Council would be an organizing tool. So that's one of the issues. How do I feel? I want the bill in. Maybe that's a personal misconception, but I'm not afraid of losing. I don't think one should sit idly by while they're taking away one's civil rights. I think you always have to be yelling and screaming about it. Protest even if you should find yourself being defeated. I don't think it's a sign that you're politically unable, just because you were defeated. Maybe the circumstances are that nobody is able, but you want to let people know that you are not going to sit back.

The other question involves what kind of bill it's going to be. Do we use the same bill that we've used for years, the Omnibus Bill, as I call it? It includes public accommodations, housing, and jobs. Or do we work for some different kind of bill? And in that sense, I have disagreements with many people. I'm a gradualist. I'll take the one part at a time if I think I can get it. And I will get any protections for gay people that we can. I don't think that's selling anybody out.

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## Cinema's GAY Death Trip

# NATIVE

Why Is Hollywood Dressing Gays To Kill?

By Lawrence Mass, M.D.

  An androgynous male, in murderous conflict with his dead mother, is the charming manager of a rural motel. He dresses as his mother to kill a beautiful young woman in one of the motel showers.  A liberated Catholic girl from suburban New York is stabbed to death during sex with a stranger who, a few hours before meeting her, was in drag in a gay bar.  A sexy young Hollywood gigolo is framed for murder by the two faggots who actually committed the crime.  In Central Park, a psychotic killer who resembles a garden-variety leather tough unwittingly cruises an undercover cop.  A frustrated lesbian hires a surrogate to rape the obscure object of her desires.  In a claustrophobic Manhattan elevator, a likeable New York housewife is slashed to death by a transsexual whose only motive for cross-dressing is apparently to kill.  An aging policeman is born again during his investigation of the hacking street murders of decent citizens. Eventually, the psychotic killer is discovered cowering in his own closet.  A psychiatrist placidly explains that a man who has viciously murdered a prostitute did so to act out his rage toward his wife and mother, and that he was in fact a repressed homosexual. 

What do these films have in common?

Several weeks after her secretary-confidante, Belle Goldman, has been viciously mutilated on the streets of New York, Sally Ross, the glamorous star of stage and screen, receives yet another letter from "The Fan." "It all started last night when I went to dinner at a local eatery, *The Golden Spoon*. As I was sitting there dining on french fries, my gaze happened to wander to two "gay" boys sitting nearby. Why these degenerates are called "gay" is obvious. They chattered away like magpies, their voices shrill and all too animated. Of course, their hands moved in unison with their speech, so that they had the appearance of fluttering Southern "belles." (Belles? Belle Goldman? Is there a connection here? Freud has said there are no accidents, you know.)"

In Bob Randall's novel, *The Fan*, which is cleverly constructed as a series of letters, the title character is an androgynous narcissist who dutifully corresponds with his infantilizing mother as well as with Sally. In the above letter to Sally, he goes on to boast of a successful attempt at female impersonation. "The effect was excellent, but somehow, slightly unconvincing. I practiced the walk of a woman. Not the mincing strut of a transvestite or the brazen waddle of a queer, but the normal self-conscious walk of a true woman. I must hand it to myself—I was superb."

As the Fan himself suggests, there is indeed a connection at work here: one that is Freudian and certainly no accident. That connection—though now officially disavowed by the American Psychiatric Association—is the psychoanalytic, causal interaction between latent homosexuality, paranoid schizophrenia, and crimes of murderous aggression.

Not coincidentally, this archaic psychiatric construct is also the strong thematic inference that connects at least eight recent films: *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *American Gigolo*, *Cruising*, *Windows*, *Dressed to Kill*, *The First Deadly Sin*, *From the Life of the Mariannes*, and, by all indications, the forthcoming film, *The Fan*, starring Lauren Bacall and James Garner. These films are likewise linked with a certain psycho-mythological prototype. Lest it be forgotten, Hitchcock's seminal film was made at a time when the Berglerian "homosexuality" of Charles Socarides and Irving Bieber was being revealed to the world as the deadliest of "psychopathic personality" disorders.

Randall, whose prior successes include Broadway's *The Magic Show*, admitted to me that his murderous Fan is a "latent homosexual whose diagnosis would probably be paranoid schizophrenia." But he balks at the suggestion of "one of my gay friends" that *The Fan* is homophobic. "It's Breen, the killer, who is homophobic. Not my novel.

In fact, it's clear that some of Sally's and Belle's close friends are gay."

Whether or not Randall's professed view will be made clear in the film (he did not write the screenplay that was used), his explanation is convincingly sincere, fashionably psychoanalytic, and perhaps representatively New York liberal. But even among New York audiences, what other psychoanalytic connections are being made between the sexual identity conflicts of these villains and the atrocities they commit in film after film? Will it be clear that their homicidal mania is a direct reaction (at least theoretically) to their unconscious fear of homosexuality? Or will the subliminal—if not overt—conclusion be

philia, wouldn't it be more convenient to urge prevention and cure rather than tolerance and integration of homosexuality?

In order to pursue these questions, we must regress historically to pre-World-War-II Vienna, a negligibly short distance from contemporary psychoanalytic Manhattan. Throughout his career, Freud unwaveringly characterized homosexuality, however universal in tendency, as a "perversion," an infantile regression of the Oedipal struggle. But Freud was a well-intentioned liberal. He believed that a positive self-acceptance and social integration were achievable goals for perversers who proved unable to complete the psychoanalytic pilgrim-

"... this archaic psychiatric construct is also the strong thematic inference that connects at least eight recent films."

drawn that the bottom line of their aggression is homosexuality itself! In other words, if society wanted to eradicate the sociopathological consequences of "repressed homosexuality," and if the media wished to identify a scapegoat for everything from anti-Semitism to zoo-

age from Mommy to *Menschheit*. Unlike his more conservative followers, Freud even believed that overt homosexuals could be fully competent analysts. Today, many liberal Freudians would argue that homosexuality needn't be any more limiting than a congenital varia-



At left, Diane Keaton in *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*. Above, Talia Shire and Elizabeth Ashley in *Windows*.

"Cultural backlash has been repeatedly and emphatically predicted by many spokespersons of the sexual revolution."



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Richard Gere and Lauren Hutton  
in *American Gigolo*.



"Unlike his more conservative followers,  
Freud even believed that overt homosexuals  
could be fully competent analysts."



vestite" (*The New Republic*, August 23, 1980). Is there a difference between transvestism and transsexualism? (Answer: yes.) Are transvestites candidates for transsexual surgery? (Answer: no.) Thus, the critics are as confused about the clinical realities of "gender dysphoria" as the film itself.

At least Kael correctly identified her subject. But she never asked whether "it"—some blanket relationship between transsexualism and psychosis—has any basis in fact. Of course, if she had read the opening paragraph of the only recent popular article on the subject, Sharon Churcher's "The Anguish of Transsexuals" in *New York Magazine* (June 16, 1980), released only a few weeks prior to the opening of *Dressed to Kill*, the worst moralizing notions about human sexual variance would have been reinforced. "Like the S&M parties she ran evenings, dressed as a leather queen, at a turreted Victorian mansion in the Bronx, the transformation wasn't supposed to be permanent." Among the "authorities" most prominently quoted in the article are notoriously orthodox psychoanalysts Charles Socarides and Vamik Volkan. Yet the

Below, Richard Gere



tion like left-handedness.

The aspect of Freud's thinking which concerns us here is his theory of latent or repressed homosexuality. Less concerned than many contemporary analysts with delineating the *borderline* between neurosis and unequivocal insanity, Freud made only one major diagnosis of psychosis. But that diagnosis of the now legendary Dr. Schreber was made not on the basis of personal interviews, but from Schreber's book, *Memoirs of My Nervous Illness*. Freud's verdict was that Schreber had mobilized regressive, paranoid defenses to thwart previously repressed homosexual desires and fantasies. As Martin Gross observes in *The Psychological Society* (Random House, 1978), "Freud's conclusion that Schreber was suffering from paranoid feelings of persecution due to repressed homosexual feelings became his sample of one. From it, he extrapolated that *paranoid schizophrenia* was caused by repressed homosexuality."

This entire notion has only been officially dropped with the 1980 release of the third edition of the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (DSM-III). "Some analytically oriented psychiatrists and psychologists," Gross notes, "still stick dogmatically to the Freudian superstition that 'paranoid schizophrenia' is closely related to repressed homosexuality. But Dr. Robert Spitzer, Clinical Professor of Psychiatry at Columbia Medical Center [who headed the APA's DSM-III Task Force] speaks for the enlightened portion of the profession in discarding such mythology. The Freudian idea that repressed homosexu-

ality plays a decisive role in the cause of paranoid schizophrenia is no longer a widely held theory."

While *paranoid schizophrenia* is acknowledged to be influenced by both genetics and low socioeconomic status, neither "latent," "repressed," "ego-dystonic," nor any other alleged form of homosexuality is mentioned anywhere among the "predisposing factors" or even the "associated features" of this condition. Actually, the terms latent and repressed do not appear anywhere in DSM-III. As Leon Salzman concludes in his chapter in Judd Marmor's new *Homosexual Behavior: A Modern Reappraisal* (Basic Books, 1980), "The looseness of the term 'latent homosexuality' and its abuse by professionals as well as laymen demands that the validity of the concept be clearly established or else that it be completely abandoned."

This clarification is important because it is precisely this predisposition to paranoid schizophrenia of repressed or latent homosexuals that is virtually emblematic of far too many current films.

The newest tidal wave of antisexual media propaganda comes as no surprise to those who understand the ongoing scientific revisions of sexual mythologies and prejudices. Cultural backlash has been repeatedly and emphatically predicted by many spokespersons of the sexual revolution, most prominently by Wilhelm Reich and Margaret Mead. What is surprising is the ostrich-like response to this hysteria from some of our most powerful, if not always our most responsible, critics.

A case in point is Pauline Kael's celebration of *Dressed to Kill* (*The New Yorker*, August 4, 1980). How are we to receive a microdissection of phototechnology when not one of its many words is devoted to the ethical, cultural, or even psychiatric controversies that continue to rage around the film's central villain, transsexualism? What is one to think of a critique in which the film's principal inference—that sexual identity duality is a clinical prognosticator of murderous, psychotic conflict—is completely unexplored?

Kael indicates that "when the explanation [of the murderer] comes, it's weightless." But not because this explanation is a preposterously simple-minded teleology from the McCarthy era that viciously stigmatizes a tiny sexual minority which is still struggling for cultural understanding and integration. Kael feels momentarily let down because "you've probably figured out most of [the explanation] anyway." She then warns that the film's ending is not cathartic because "even after horror has been explained, it stays with you—the nightmare never ends." Kael is tacitly agreeing with the film's implications that even after the gender identity confusion has been "explained," you leave the theater to find yourself surrounded by "it" in the streets.

Ironically, this confusion eventually assumed many disguises in the minds of reviewers. David Denby thought that *Dressed to Kill* was about a "transvestite who wants a sex-change operation" (*New York Magazine*, July 28, 1980); Stanley Kauffmann decided the film was about "the agonies of a homicidal trans-





Al Pacino and killer in *Cruising*.

most respected and extensively published voice in the area. Dr. John Money, is neither quoted nor mentioned, nor is Janice Raymond, author of *The Transsexual Empire* (Beacon Press, 1979), the only major sociocultural critique of transsexual surgery.

I called John Money at the Psychosocial Research Unit at Johns Hopkins to discuss current media attitudes and greater cultural phobias about sexual variance. "Anytime there is a sex-related murder," he explained, "it is certain to be linked not only with the degeneracy and contagion of 'pornography,' but with homosexuality, and now, by simply redressing the old formulas, with transvestism and transsexualism. A product of this formula, of course, is that the victims get what they deserve. They should never have deviated or experimented, they should never have allowed themselves to be tempted in the first place. The moral is always the same: sexual imagery is sinful, or, in the paradigms of psychoanalytic theory, 'sick.' It's raboo. What you characterize as the reticence of these critics to be contemporarily educated is actually an explicit allegiance to the old doctrines. When ignorance becomes deliberate, it is evasion."

Are these critics afraid of being appreciated as too liberal—or worse, pro-gay? Such concern may arouse sympathy in these reactionary times. But such evasion is nonetheless dishonest, and it mocks what should be the highest standards of criticism: the pursuit and clarification of the truth.

Gay people are also affected by sexual mythologies. Patrick Franklin's essay "Specters of Effeminacy," which appeared in *The Advocate* (August 21, 1980), imaginatively exposes some of the darkest undersurfaces of gay "machismo" ("the last bastion of male chauvinism"), but dangerously obscures the complexity of issues raised by the Gacy-Cornos-Corl atrocities. However well intentioned, Franklin implies that there is a definable connection between gay self-hatred and homicidal mania.

Franklin's inference is unfortunate, because it easily leads to similar sweeping generalizations about the relationship between murderous gay self-hatred and homosexuality itself. As one of the "expert" witnesses in the Gacy trial in Chicago recently observed: "Mass murders have nothing to do with homosexuality per se. If the ultimate cause of mass murder were homosexuality, we could cure it." Yet Franklin insistently infers that "the fact remains, inescapable, undeniable: their murderers were all gay men. Like me. Like you."

Belying these generalizations is evidence that is at best circumstantial and at worst completely inaccurate. For example, Franklin contends that "none" of the murderers "was a success in life."

All failed to find a position that he could be proud of and that gave him the respect of others." In Gacy's case, this simply isn't true. He was certainly not "gay" and he had successful family relationships, a thriving career, and not a few friends. A more fundamental inaccuracy is Franklin's contention that "in this century the six most horrific, goriest mass murders in the United States, now standing at a total of 166 victims, were committed in the course of homosexual rape and mayhem."

Actually, the greatest mass murderer in American history was probably Hermann Mudgett, who buried more than 200 women beneath his south-side Chicago "Murder Castle." Another Chicagoan, John Hock, was accused of the slow-poisoning deaths of at least fifty women in the early 1900s. (Perhaps it would be more appropriate to consider all Chicagoans as potential mass murderers.) According to the *New York Times* (August 24, 1980), two new books about convicted heterosexual mass murderer and alleged spy, Ted Bundy, a Mormon law student and former Young Republican with political career aspirations, leave little doubt that Bundy was the most prolific mass murderer in recent American history. Finally, the recently apprehended "Monster of the Andes" is thought to have killed more than 300

young girls. Gacy, incidentally, was said by one witness to have confessed that he killed young girls "until he discovered that killing boys was more fun."

Franklin does articulate the motive that may indeed be common among many multiple murderers (Hitler, for example): "power." But the addition to the physiological pleasure of aggression that we call sadism and masochism has no clear relationship to sexual orientation (which itself resists definition), to gender, or even to sexual pleasure. And it never will because the potential for aggression is in fact inextricably entangled in the potential for the highest expressions of love—for one's mate, one's offspring, one's territory and herd, one's God. Hitler was unquestionably a man who loved his people. In *Beyond Sexual Freedom* (The New York Times Book Company, 1975), author Charles Socarides argued that "the beast" in man "must somehow be employed in the capacity for love." But as I cautioned in my essay "Coming to Grips with Sado-masochism: Psychiatry vs. Sex Research" (*The Advocate*, April 5, 1979), "The gratification of bestial impulses in the vestments of love has resulted in nothing less than the atrocity-ridden history and possible future of 'civilization'."

The temptation to generalize is exactly what was so reprehensible and perjorative in the Gacy trial. Although the judge had his remarks stricken from the record, a psychoanalytically oriented psychologist from Rockford, testifying for the defense that Gacy was insane, blurted out that Gacy's "paranoid schizophrenia" was the same psychopathology as that of "Ludwig II, Hitler, and Richard Nixon." Complementing his critique of the psychiatric superstition that repressed homosexuality causes paranoid schizophrenia, Gross's comments (in *The Psychological Society*) on the tangential associations between "sexual perversion" and mass murder are clearly prophetic. "One subject which attracts psychiatric seerdom like a grisly magnet is the mass killer. A U.C.L.A. psychiatrist commented on . . . Hous-

ton's homosexual torture killings, suggesting that sexual perversion is at the unruly core of mass killing. But like many psychological 'facts,' this one is refuted by other professionals. Dr. Harry Kozol (Harvard's famous expert on the diagnosis and treatment of dangerous persons) states that although homosexual murders receive great attention, their incidence is small. "Sex does not seem to be the motivation in most mass murders." Finally, Dr. Donald T. Lunde, another expert on sex and murder (also known ironically for his defense testimony in the Dan White trial) wrote that: "Sex murderers rarely, if ever, have criminal records for lesser sex offenses such as exhibitionism or voyeurism, nor are they homosexuals" (*Murder and Madness*, Norton, 1975).

"The moral is always the same: sexual imagery is sinful."

One example of how these associations stigmatize the gay community at large occurs in the recently published *Modern Legal Medicine: Psychiatry and Forensic Science* (F.A. Davis). In his chapter "Homosexually Related Deaths," Dr. Joseph C. Rupp, Chief Medical Examiner for Neches County, Texas, begins by observing that "Homosexuality is a sexual perversion, not an alternative lifestyle." (Apparently, Dr. Rupp is unaware of the official position of the American Psychiatric Association, which does not consider homosexuality per se to be any kind of mental disorder and which has replaced the word perversion, at John Money's suggestion, with the less pejorative and more specific "paraphilia.") "To be 35 in the 'gay world,'" Rupp concludes, "is to be an 'old auntie.'"



16 Left, Frank Sinatra, right, David Dulles in *The First Deadly Sin*.





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Angie Dickinson is menaced by Michael Caine, who is *Dressed to Kill*.



aggression is in fact inextricably entangled in the potential  
 for the highest expressions of love." 

Another example of this stigmatization is *Time* magazine's article, "The Gay World's Leather Fringe" (March 24, 1980). In the same issue that reported the Gacy verdict, *Time* asked: "Do gay males consciously seek violence? *Cruising* raises that question."

Do women consciously seek rape? Is there something about blacks, perhaps their protoplasm, that makes them more likely to commit crimes, to be unemployed, to be lazy and shiftless, alcoholic and addicted to heroin? Was Jewish masochism responsible for the Holocaust? The presumption has to be that too many of the creators and celebrants of films like *Dressed to Kill*, like too many of the writers of essays on "the anguish of the transsexuals," "the gay world's leather fringe" and "gay mass murders" are not likely to be cautioned in their reductionism by the intrusion of fact.

All of which brings us back to Pauline Kael. If "insanity" has no more certain relationship to sexual variance than to heterosexuality, was it not worth Kael's attention that *Dressed to Kill*

followed a whole slew of recent films inferring exactly the opposite? Or that these films complemented an avalanche of concurrent television, radio, and newspaper propaganda of a similar bent? Or that these events were all taking place amidst a gigantic fundamentalist "crusade," within months of a national election in which women's and gay rights had emerged as issues of serious political contention? It would be as if contemporary reviews of D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* or Leni Riefenstahl's *Triumph of the Will* or Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* were to discuss only their technical achievements with no mention of political context or implication. Like these films, *Dressed to Kill* may indeed be "voluptuously crafted," "clever," even "funny." That's not the issue. The issue is, at best, ignorance. At bottom, it is evasion.

As the statistics on rape, wife-battering, and child abuse skyrocket, the eighth gay man was murdered in Boston in a period of less than eight weeks. "Wanda Lust," a "female impersonator" apparently well known and much be-

loved in Chicago's gay community, was stabbed to death this summer as she emerged from *The Fog* in front of a theater in Kansas City. Cook County Medical Examiner and forensic pathologist, Dr. Robert Stein, who testified in the Gacy trial, recently told me that he has never heard of a murder committed by a transvestite or transsexual. "But we've seen plenty of the opposite; that is, many murdered transvestites and effeminate homosexuals who, like women, became known as easy prey." *These are the true murders of sex and gender identity conflict. Yet they are precisely the murders one never sees on film.* As Janice Raymond observed, "The problem is not that these films show violence involving women, homosexuals, transvestites, or transsexuals. The problem is that violence is never shown as it truly is."



For years I have been a fan of Pauline Kael. Despite her peculiar blood lust and her frequent anti-feminism and

homophobia, her gift for explaining how, if too seldom *why* a film manipulates its audience is arguably unique and once seemed overwhelmingly impressive. Kael herself observed on her return to *The New Yorker* that most of today's films are impossibly bad, artistically irresponsible trifles. But the "explanation" for this irresponsibility may not be so exclusively bureaucratic and financial as she would have us believe. How should the Hollywood producer plan his next product when the latest fashion in cinemamanipulation makes as big a killing with the leading critic as it does at the box office?



# NATIVE

## INTERVIEW

Photograph courtesy of George Dudley,  
American Postcard, Inc.

### the new Mr. Blue:

"The More Muscles,  
the More They Scream"

By Andrew Holleran

There is something primitive about a beauty contest, something untouched by civilization and time. When the men came down the runway at the Regional Mr. Blueboy Contest last Monday night at the Underground discotheque, and the crowd roared, it was the same sound the mob makes in the film *Demetrius and the Gladiators*. This is one particular custom which has traveled down through the years absolutely intact, I thought: these neon lights might as well be torches, and these glistening torsos might as well be prisoners condemned to fight with nets and swords for the amusement of bored princesses. More simply, we sounded like dogs thrown a piece of meat.

Now that male strippers are performing in clubs for women, now that male homosexuals are walking down the runway in beauty contests, the tables are suddenly turned. But why not? Beauty is certainly central to gay men in the same way it is to straight women: we're on display all the time. Go to the Eagle's Nest on a hot night, or to West Street on Sunday, and tell me you're not watching a beauty contest. The audience at the Underground on Monday night was so handsome, in fact, one glanced

at them as often as the contestants. It was like watching a tennis match. When our potential Mr. Blueboys made their second pass down the runway, however, in bathing suits and jockstraps, every eye was off them—and something primitive rose up again, as everyone in the audience stood on tiptoe to see the fundamental item in a glossary of homosexual parts: the basket.

The only homosexual beauty contest of note at this point is now in its second year and is sponsored by *Blueboy Magazine*. It's not exactly like the Miss America pageant, which is more genteel, sentimental, and patriotic, with its roses and song. No one asks the contestants at the Mr. Blueboy Contest to play the violin, or twirl a baton, or recite a speech from *Romeo and Juliet*. No one asks them what America means to them, or "What would you do if your husband had to go on a business trip which required your presence, and your mother had pneumonia?" No, they ask them all to walk

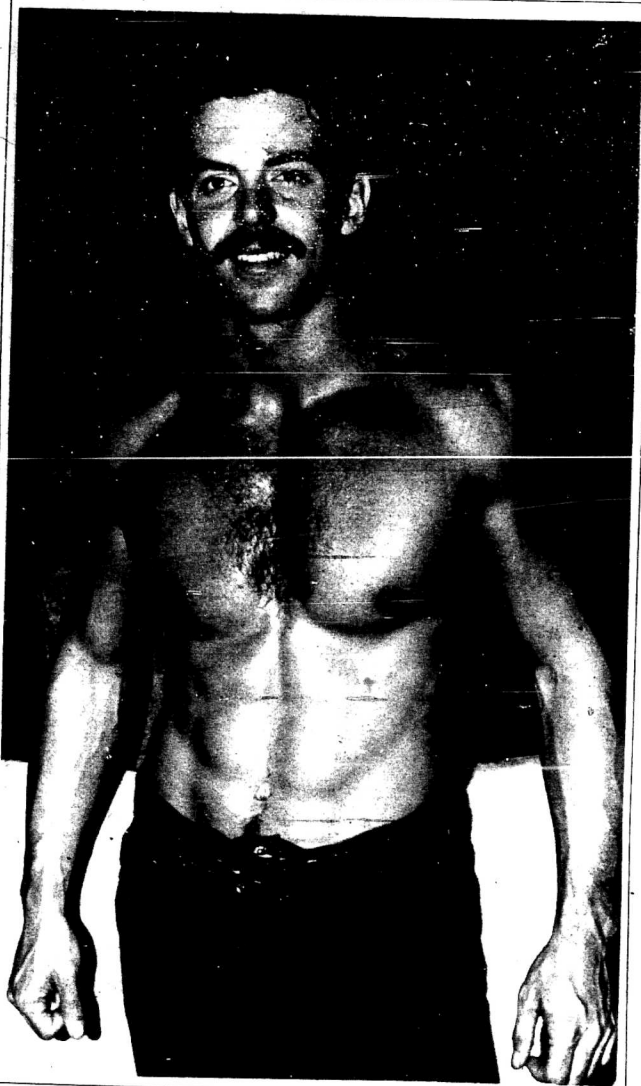
past in a jockstrap and flex.

But there are moments which we recognize from our years of exposure to female beauty contests: last year at the Felt Forum when Mr. Boston won the prize, he started to cry backstage as he threw his arms around his lover, and he hid his face against his chest so we wouldn't see his tears, and it gave us the same tingle we feel when a Miss America breaks down (after all, it is an emotional experience, and if no one cried we would feel somehow that we hadn't seen a beauty contest). A Regional Mr. Blueboy Contest is not so dramatic, however; the crowd was there to have a good time, and they did.

As emcee Eddie Rosenberg summoned the fifteen contestants onstage, judges Clovis Ruffin, Nikki Haskell, Pepe Balderago, John Blair, and Aldo Cipullo made notes. This was a regional contest in which the men came from places like Chicago and Paris. The semi-finalists surprised us, as they always do,

but the winner did not, for he had the audience's approval from the moment he stepped onstage, smiling, relaxed, and completely at home. His name is Harold Gates, and he won the contest and the following prizes: ten pounds of Li-lac Chocolates, cards from a contract with American Postcards, a golden screw by Aldo Cipullo (jewelry, you fool), a hat by Kevin and Robert, a round trip to Key West from Grant Travel, a week at the Lighthouse Court in that town, free admission to the Underground, and membership in the Islanders Club and the Nautilus Body Center. Don't you wish you'd gone onstage?

Harold Gates looks exactly like a Mr. Blueboy—he looks, in fact, like any cover of that magazine, but exactly. He is the all-American boy (of Italian and Irish extraction), born in Orlando, Florida, and recently returned from five years in California, primarily Los Angeles. In town only four days, he saw the poster



for the contest in a store, and decided to enter only hours before going onstage. The five thousand dollars which is awarded the winner of the National Mr. Blueboy Contest is the chief reason he entered, he says, but there must be something else he sees in these contests, because he's been in five others before this—everything from last year's Mr. Blueboy Regional in San Francisco (where he was runner-up) and Mister Congeniality (Harold is very congenial), to the Miste; Groovy Guy Contest in Los Angeles (which has since been discontinued, perhaps because "groovy" is a concept which seems dated now). Walking onstage is no big deal for him at this point in his life. But it was wonderful to win this time, he says. This contest was more successful for him than last year's contest, he feels, because his body has changed: it's more developed. "The more muscles," he says, "the more they scream."

When I mentioned to a friend who'd attended the contest that I was interviewing the winner, he immediately offered me his apartment and cassette recorder (and asked if we could get Harold to take off his shirt). This is a friend—you all have one—who is a connoisseur of beauty contests: the one who, every year on Fire Island, got everyone together to watch the Miss America pageant, passed out the slips of paper, and tallied the votes to see who among our group had won; the man who, stranded in the Gobi Desert with a broken leg beneath an overturned Land Rover, would somehow obtain a television on the night Miss America is chosen (except that he would never be in the Gobi Desert on that night; he would not be anywhere outside the continental United States). It seemed silly to deny him the pleasure of this escapade, so on a cold November night, the Fan and I gathered in his apartment with Mr. Blueboy New York, Harold Gates, to plumb his soul.

Harold has been on earth twenty-three years. (Twenty-three is something you do not notice: it is not a wheelbarrow or a fun's habit, and yet it defines a person as much as these do. Harold Gates is twenty-three, we reminded ourselves the next day.)

When asked why he came to New York—for work, a relationship, fun—he said, "Yes, yes, and yes." He hopes to go to Europe, too, to work as a model, and mostly to meet people and learn from them. That, at twenty-three, is what he wants to do now: learn. What was it about the man with whom he had a relationship in Los Angeles that attracted him, we ask. (My roommate has scribbled on an envelope the questions I must ask Harold.) "Intelligence," he says, "and kindness." (The man was forty-five. Harold admits to a preference for older men, whose lives are exciting but who care about him.) When asked about the remarkable number of handsome men in New York, when asked if that is a problem, as we sit in this quiet room on a November dusk with the wind rattling the windows, he throws the question back to us in a more esoteric form: "I'm like... eligible for these guys. I can have them. Like, who do you settle down with? If they're all nice," he says, "and all have something to offer, it's hard to date them all."

"How do you distinguish?" I say.

"You don't," my friend the Fan answers, stimulated by having this creature (a ghost of the Fan's former life, perhaps) beside his own fireplace. "You book them all."

"You take whoever you want," says Harold.

(Folks: he doesn't go to bars, but does find himself in what he calls "a run" of going to the St. Marks Baths once a week.)

"How do you get people off?" I ask.

Harold laughs.

"I mean, tell them you don't want to have a relationship," I say. "How do you reject people?"

HG: Oh, I don't. Sometimes they have a... bitterness when they learn they're not the only one in my life, but

AH: Isn't that a problem?

HG: Things are a problem if you let them be a problem. Occasionally I think about it—

The Fan [MM]: But you don't let it get you down. Move on.

AH: So much for the pangs of love.

MM: You're here to meet men. There are lots of fish in the sea.

HG: There are lots of fish in the sea. I... absorb things from each person I meet. People are much friendlier here than in L.A. In L.A. people are afraid.

AH: Afraid? Status conscious?

MM: And very clique-ish!

HG: Afraid—to let you into their little world. And they'll judge you like that (snaps fingers) and sum you up, and that's the only thing you could ever be or do.

AH: Where you live, where you work?

HG: Yes. How you dress, what street you walk down.

MM: It's a closed environment. In New York, you're going to Soho one day, seeing friends on the Upper West Side the next day—

AH: Some of us are.

(Laughs)

MM: You know what I mean? You don't travel in a clique, you travel all over the place. Now where'd you get that pretty shirt?

(Merona shirts, Britches of Georgetown, Hardware)

AH: Do you have a role model? Is there a circle in New York you want to be part of?

HG: There's a movie star who went from person to person, trying to find the most exciting, the most interesting person—I can't remember if it's a man or a woman. No, it's definitely female.

MM: Is there a movie star who did that? Marilyn Monroe?

(Arthur Miller, starlets)

HG: There are lots of people who are wonderful for a physical relationship but the person I'm looking for has to be—their own person, you know what I mean? Besides the physical, there has to be more—they have to be doing things, exciting—

AH: Does he have to have an exciting life or just have a special affection and rapport with you? Could you be happy leading a completely domestic life?

HG: I think I could be with the right person. So many of these people can't make up their minds. They don't know what they want.

MM: I think they don't know what

they want.

AH: It's true, you're right.

MM: I think that's a very good way to do it. I think you should be with someone who's vibrant, exciting, physically attractive, emotionally stable, mentally alert—HARD TO FIND!

AH: No, they're not.

HG: No, they're not. Maybe I'm looking for someone who's all the things I'm not.

AH: You think that's what happens?

MM: Also you're young. So that you can't say "the things that I'm now" because you will acquire those as you get older. I'll leave this thought with you—your twenties only come once. Just really have a terrific time because they're years you'll never forget.

HG: Perhaps I'll go to Europe to do some modeling.

(Models, heights, moustaches, types)

MM: How long have you had your moustache?

HG: Since I was sixteen.

MM: Because I think that moustache works perfectly on you. You look better with a moustache.

AH: That's something we all find out about ourselves.

(Cheekbones, upper lips, Billy Bernardo, Los Angeles, Marc Paul, Barry McKinley, the casting couch)

HG: Maybe I'll shave off my moustache in Europe—

AH: In some small Baltic fishing village where no one will know you.

HG: Yes. If I could make money by shaving off my moustache, I'll do it.

AH: MM: But not before the Blueboy contest.

AH: What will you do with the prize money?

MM: Spend it, darling!

AH: Invest it?

HG: Definitely... I did some other modeling.

AH: Do you have a blue period?

HG: I didn't do it with another man, or a movie, just solo shots.

AH: One more question I must ask you. How do you feel about all this? How do you feel about objectifying people for their looks?

HG: Disgusting!... But we all do it.

AH: And now, how do we sign off?

MM: Just push the little black thing.

The moment was over: shutting off the recorder at an interview is like suddenly letting the air out of a balloon. MM had to go to dinner, AH to a film, and Harold Gates to his gymnasium. On the cold, windy sidewalk, Harold Gates became, as we said goodbye, one more handsome young man in a city filled with handsome men of all ages, a figure on the other side of the street, the bar, the room, beyond our deserts. For the Fan and I are the kind of people who, when cruised by someone very good-looking, think: what does he want with me? We are all prisoners of the esteem we give to Beauty.

No doubt you will see Harold around town—although it is a testimony to the alarming spread of good looks (the whole world goes to a gym now, they all have the right haircut, are all trim and handsome, the Seventies made packaging a mass art) that you may not even notice him. On the other hand, you probably will: his complexion, soft brown eyes, and regular features, the

well-built shape which appeals to everyone will probably cause you to peer a little closer in the December dusk. You may find him at a Shopwell perusing the Entenmann's: he confesses to a weakness for junk food, had just polished off, when we met him, an entire box of their chocolate-chip cookies—an indiscretion with no deleterious consequences. (No pimples on this guy—and fine teeth.)

Will Harold find an older gent? One would be pessimistic indeed to think he won't. We will not tell you what night he goes to the Baths—it would have been tacky to ask—but perhaps you will have seen him by the time this appears at the Mr. Blueboy contest at Bond's on November 30.

"What do you do when you come out?" we asked him. "Just smile!"

"No," he said, "they all tell you to smile, smile, but it's better to just be yourself, to hold back to let the audience imagine what they want about you."

"Oh," we said, "like sex."

He laughed.



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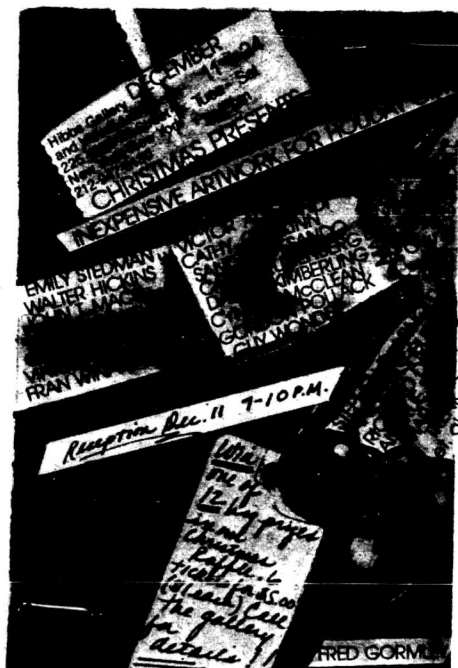
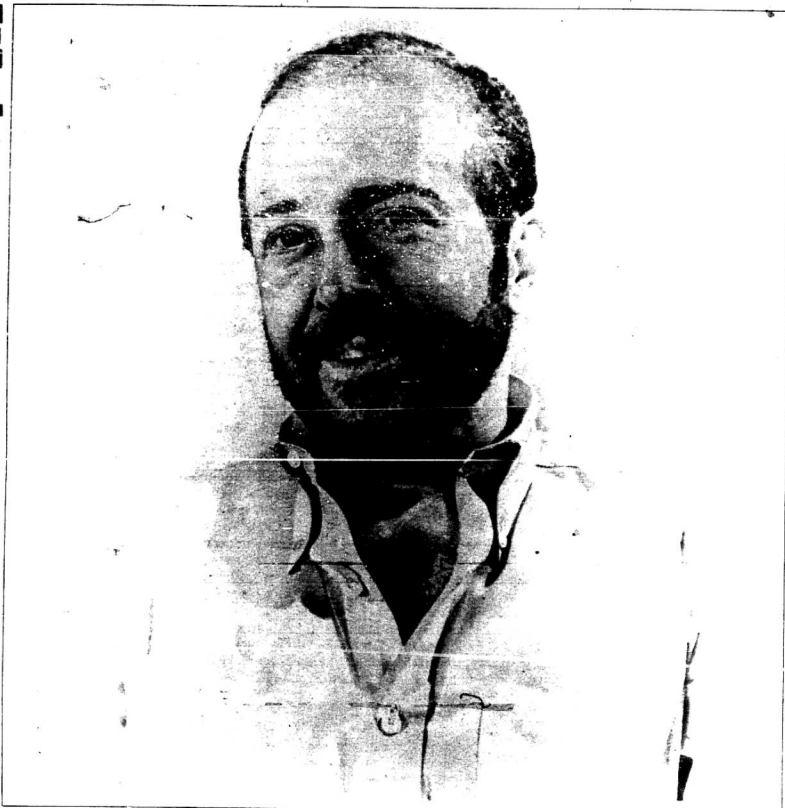
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Drawing by Sandro de Sando

## the Third Wave

By Marjorie Trenk



**T**he *Third Wave*, an exhibition organized by the Hibbs Gallery this fall, represents the work of twenty lesbian artists, or, that is to say, twenty artists who happen to be lesbians. This is an important distinction, as Director David Morrow or his Associate Director, Sandra De Sando, will tell you, because they consider their gallery unique among New York galleries specializing in "gay art." They are committed to breaking down stereotypes surrounding that genre, and are devoted to the artists themselves rather than their categorical definition. Art uncategorically encompasses more than heroic manipulations of muscle, flesh, glistening genitalia, and popping pectorals, no matter how skillfully executed. Images narrowly confined to gender are often blatant and eventually boring. "The *Third Wave* show," Ms. De Sando points out, "was not designed as an erotic show, but nevertheless it reveals a subtle and personalized female eroticism."

The show's title, *The Third Wave*, derives from Harmony Hammond's historic show at the Greene Street Workshop in 1978, and represents a wide diversity of content and media. The show demonstrates Morrow's determination that his exhibitions will not be merely a celebration of gay sexuality, but a collaborative effort by gay and lesbian artists who feel a need to come together for support and visibility, out of an intense need to end their isolation and to fight the usual aura of

fear surrounding the painful issue of coming out. Hopefully, plans to make *Third Wave*—as well as other shows—into traveling exhibitions will help get the point across.

Dealing with the Art Scene in the Big Apple (as we who have tried to break into it know too well), is a harrowing experience. The Soho galleries, 57th Street galleries, and Madison Avenue galleries are all tangled up in a specific social network that is as homophobic (what else is new?) as any other social network. Morrow and De Sando want to create a new network, an inclusive group of gay and lesbian artists who can exchange information and skills, concentrate on their work, show it, and, perhaps as a by-product, banish some murky old prejudices of the established galleries. The Hibbs Gallery is therefore planning a series of workshops in such fields as drawing, painting, and photography. It will sponsor a seminar dealing with the topic of gay and lesbian artists in the Eighties, which will include six sessions on the sensibility of gay art, its aesthetics, its politics, and the business of making and selling art. A Hibbs newsletter, soon to be published, will circulate the philosophy of the gallery and list a schedule of the exhibitions and workshops.

The Hibbs Gallery is located at 225 West 28th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. For further information contact David Morrow or Sandra De Sando at 947-3130.

# Cushion concerts

One of the most delightful ways to start off a Saturday evening on the town is to take in an informal "Cushion Concert" by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center amid the *avant-garde* paintings and sculpture of Soho's Paula Cooper Gallery, at the corner of Houston and Wooster Streets. The Chamber Music Society—whose regular subscription series uptown at Alice Tully Hall are regularly sold out, with lengthy waiting lists of would-be ticket buyers—has been giving these 6 o'clock Saturday concerts for the past three years, repeating exactly in each case the program done the same week uptown, but at virtually half the price (tickets for Soho "Cushion Concerts" sell for only \$5 each and are purchasable only at the door the night of the concert).

There are no printed programs for the Soho "Cushion Concerts" and the audience, limited to 300 people, is invited to dress casually and sprawl comfortably on the floor on foam rubber pads. In place of the Society's usual program annotations, Charles Wadsworth, the Society's gifted pianist, harpsichordist, and Artistic Director, looking for all the world like a grown-up "Dennis the Menace" with his slightly

unmanageable blond cowlick and gestures of boyish awkwardness, talks *ad lib* about the music and performers in a slow Georgia drawl worthy of the Carter White House, as one might share intimate gossip with family gathered for a Southern fried chicken dinner. (Wadsworth's intermission commentaries were a special tourist attraction for many years at the summer chamber music festivals in Spoleto, Italy.)

The first "Cushion Concert" of the 1980-81 season will be on Saturday, December 13, at 6 o'clock, and will be performed by five of the Chamber Music Society's Artist-Members. Andre-Michel Schub and Charles Wadsworth will open the concert with Mendelssohn's *Allegro Brillant for Piano Four Hands*, Op. 92. Violinists James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violinist Walter Trampler and cellist Leslie Parnas will then perform Bela Bartok's *String Quartet No. 2*, commemorating the composer's 100th birthday, followed by Saint-Saens' *Sonata No. 1 in D minor*, Op. 75 for Violin and Piano with Miss Kavafian and Mr. Schub. The program will close with Schumann's *Quintet in E flat major*, Op. 44, for Piano and Strings, with Mr. Schub and Miss Kavafian, Mr. Buswell, Mr. Trampler, and Mr. Parnas.



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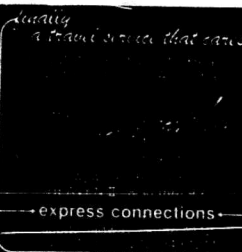
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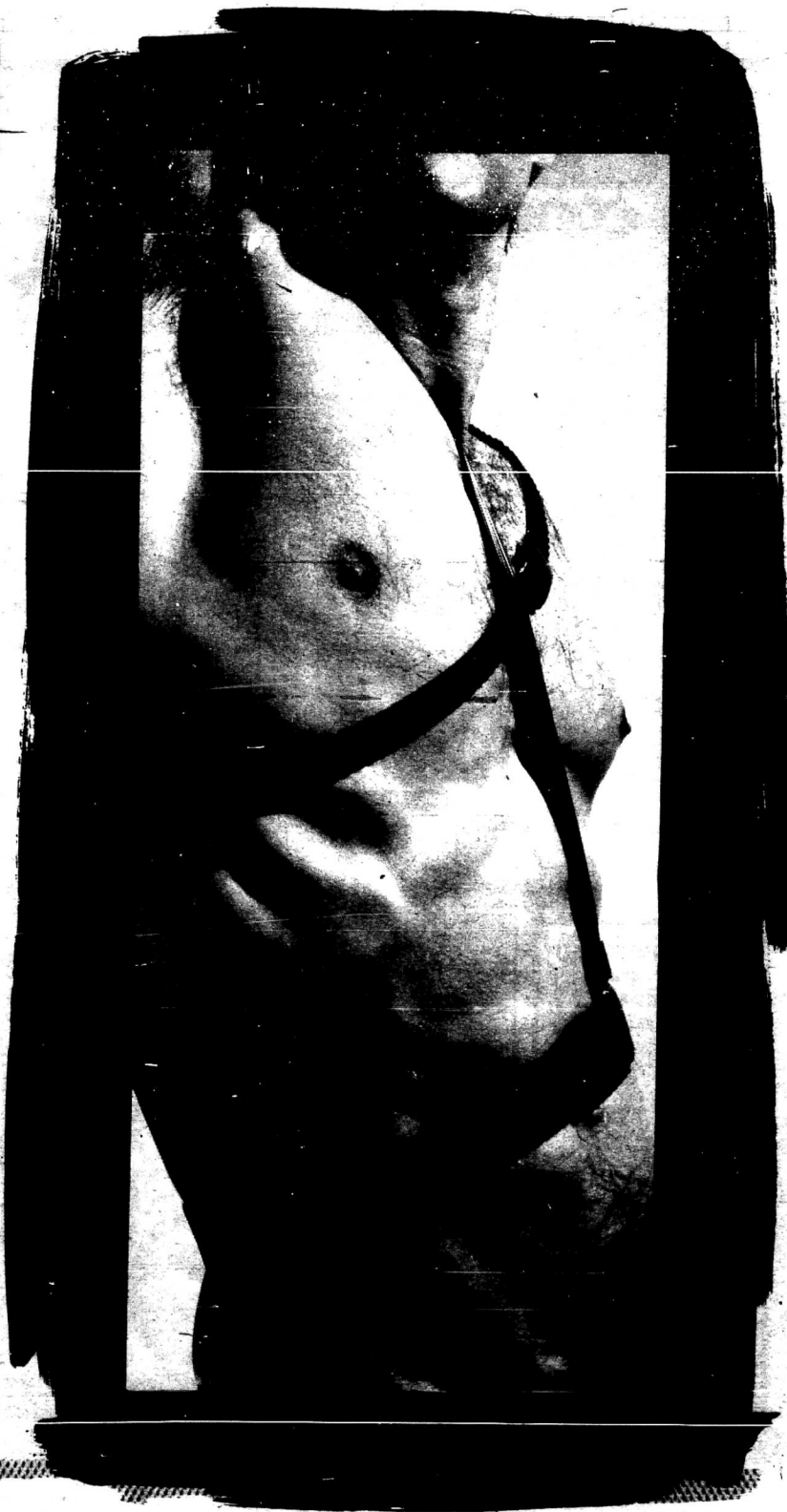
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## PART ONE

# DEEP DISH

By George Whitmore



"What are we going to do about Henry's share?"

Dan, of course, was the only one brave enough to ask. We'd all been thinking it.

"Well?"

Silence around the table. One could hear the *plop* of Reynaldo's omelet onto the platter, in the kitchenette. "Soup's on!" Reynaldo chirped. But Dan just glared, from mute face to mute face, waiting for an answer.

It was a Sunday in November, but not too early, to say the least, to plan for next summer. All of us were there—save for one glaring absence.

—Dan was there, waiting for an answer.

—Robert was there because Dan was there—he always did what Dan told him to do.

—Stanley was there, even though he'd confided to me on the phone that morning (though we lived three floors apart in the same building, we almost always and only talked on the phone, not face to face) that he wasn't under any circumstances returning to the Island. "Tacky, dreary, *demode*, and so heterosexual now."

—Ethan was there because Stanley was there—but Stanley didn't know that was why. (Ethan had informed me of his intentions regarding Stanley at Bond's the night before. "I don't know," he'd said, face stained green by the laser-light, "I guess I just love Stan, that's all." "But Ethan," I'd pointed out, "this didn't occur to you last year, when Stanley was so hot for you. Now he's given up!" "Exactly," he'd replied, shrugging.) Ethan didn't know Stanley wasn't returning to the Island in any case, love or no. . . .

—Alvin was there, cross that brunch was late, hunched over a consoling bowl of cashews.

—William was there, taking secret peeks under the plate at the china markings. (If he'd had the guts, he would have yanked out the label under the collar of Stanley's new sweater for a look at that too.)

—Reynaldo was there (stunned, silent in the doorway, platter in hand now) because it was his apartment.

—I was there, largely I think because I lack backbone.

(My name is Francis Xavier Boynton, Jr. Don't be intimidated by it, though. My father is a pipefitter in Moline, Illinois, and my mother sells Avon. That selfsame father, when I was five, saddled me forever in a moment of careless whimsy with the nickname Binky. So I am also "Binky Boynton" . . .)

"Well, Binky?" Dan was gazing at me, still waiting, looking like a stern schoolmarm.

"Henry's share," I said, redundant, lamely.

—Henry was not there.

Neither Henry was there.

Let me explain. There were once two Henries. There was Henry Cooper, who had taken our Island house that first summer to those many years before, and who had in fact enticed most of us out there in the first place. And there was Henry Schneiderman, Henry Cooper's lover, but not for long. Henry Schneiderman had not really shared with us at all, had only visited three or four times the summer before. And with two Henries in the house—well, it had initially posed a problem: what to call them? Dan, of course, solved it immediately, and the house rang those three or four weekends with "Henry Coopers" and "Henry Schneidermans"

when any of us wanted either one of them, or just referred to either in conversation. Even Henry Cooper took to calling himself that (in the third person) even when Henry Schneiderman was back in the city. Henry Schneiderman habitually, it seemed, did everything not to draw attention to himself, called himself nothing—and drew the line, as well, at calling his lover "Henry Cooper." He called him "honey," which would make cynical old Henry Cooper blush prettily, believe it or not, and call Henry Schneiderman "ducks."

But now there was only one Henry, had been only one for the last month. Henry Cooper was no longer with the living. . . . And thus, we had the task of dispensing with Henry Cooper's share.

"Which share?" asked Stanley. "I thought we'd settled it. As widow, of course, it goes to Henry Schneiderman, doesn't it?"

"If he doesn't want it," interjected William suddenly, "Skipper Phelan—" the Skipper Phelan, one might have expected him to say "would *adore* having it. Just the other day—"

"You didn't actually offer it to him!" Stanley cut in. "Not really!"

"Well, I just—"

"But has anyone talked to Henry about it?" asked Dan, attempting to take the reins of the conversation again. "I really think someone should talk to Henry."

"Via *ouija* board?" said Alvin, between cashews—and forgetting for a moment, I think, which Henry had died. . . .

"No. See him," Dan said. "See him and talk to him. But Bink—" He turned to me over the platter Reynaldo held between us. "You saw him, didn't you? Henry Schneiderman?" he added, for clarity's sake.

"Uh . . ."

"Just last week, wasn't it? Such a comfort you were able to. I couldn't make it, unfortunately. Just *had* to wedge in an evening at the Body Center," he explained, vis-a-vis our broken date to see Henry Schneiderman. "How was he?"

It was the question I'd been dreading all week. Nevertheless, I had no answer.

"Uh . . ." I said again.

What could I answer? *Inconsolable*? Of course. *Grief stricken*? Wouldn't you be? *Horny* as a goat? Who would believe?

All I could think of, as I sat at the table with all eyes on me, blood rushing to my face, was the shock of having Henry Schneiderman throw himself on me where I sat in a club chair in his—that is, Henry Cooper's and his—apartment, a clutch of violets in my hands.

"Well?" said Dan, from a great distance, for the umpteenth time. "Fine," I managed to croak. "He's fine."

And then, when it was over—Henry Schneiderman sitting on the couch, face in his hands, weeping, apologizing, offering me a club soda—"I don't know what came over me," he moaned.

"Perhaps you wanted to—er—affirm—uh—life," I suggested as I pulled up my briefs with trembling fingers. "Don't apologize."

"Like an animal!" he moaned.

"Ticase," I said, searching for my socks.

Well, under those circumstances, could I have been expected to mention the share? I mean, really.

(To Be Continued)

Photograph by Marion



## Mendola's Ark

By Sean Lawrence

*The Mendola Report:  
A New Look at Gay Couples*  
by Mary Mendola  
Crown Publishers  
269 pages, \$12.95

**G**ay people have two worlds to create and keep alive: a political-cultural world which can provide us with survival as a people, and an idiosyncratic internal world in which an anti-sexual state has already been implanted at birth. General copulation may make for a successful revolution, but it doesn't make for survival of the self. And I'm not talking about the me-decade self. I'm talking about the old-fashioned, right-to-be-alive-on-this-planet self, the one that some gay people execute in the privacy of their own homes, drugs, and alcohol.

Any movement to make the world safe for lovers without evidence of lovers in the here-and-now is in a lot of trouble. Only pyrrhic power can be gained under such conditions. An army of singles has less psychological weaponry than an army of lovers. Mary Mendola's new book on gay couples makes the invisible army of lovers a little more clear to us.

*The Mendola Report: A New Look at Gay Couples* is one of the most useful and one of the warmest books I've read in a long time. We in New York, who sometimes catch ourselves and our friends sniping at couples with gossip, indirect hostility, and jealousy, at last have an opportunity to engage our "best selves" in reading this book and cheering on all these successful couples.

Although *The Mendola Report* is a pop sort of book, its very existence raises some provocative historical and philosophical points. Mendola's intentions are not intellectually highfalutin, but if she were French she could have claimed that they take their place in the "discourse on the homosexual" as a sort of counter-inquisition inquiry. The concept of inquisition is a useful one for understanding the traditional "discourse on the homosexual." It merges the lab of academe with a superstitious religious court, thereby elucidating the political nature of most "discourse on the homosexual." In an inquisition, a judge finds the sin in a terminally confused dance of religious and scientific investigation. In most studies of men who love men,

and women who love women, we have the surreal image of science in search of sin, which is a two-unicorn chase if there ever was one.

To change "Why are you a homosexual?" to "How does gay love work?" is to operate politically at the level of inquiry. True political movement is made when the victim leaps out of the witness box into the jury. To present the Inquisition's questions with a new agenda of questions is to reassert the open, infinitely questionable nature of reality in the face of a system that wants only to make a childish, binary decision: whether you're going to heaven or hell.

Yes, *The Mendola Report* belongs in the *Hite Report* genre. But it's not a book of new curiosities about homosexuals. It's a survey of gay love as opposed to a survey of gay sex, of feelings as opposed to gropings: a stringing together of warm, subjective voices that have formed covenants with one another. Its conclusion is a very ordinary one: "Gay couples living together are very similar in almost every respect to heterosexual married couples."

The texture of the vignettes makes the trip to its ordinary conclusion worthwhile. As these gay men and women look at their lives, we begin to experience a political mandate of fellow-feeling at work in the gay world in its couples. No matter how much lip service we give to sexual liberation, the passion for the political defense of gay people comes from the feelings we have had when we were in relationships and from the empathetic feelings we have about other gay couples. Politically, this book belongs to the Department of Emphasis.

Reading *The Mendola Report* is like spending an evening with a lesbian Bill Moyers, or having a more pleasant version of Cheever's *Enormous Radio* to overhear gay people all over the country. Mendola ambitiously leaps from couple to couple in order to illustrate how gay people deal with a number of topics: how they met, how they formed a marriage arrangement, what role sex takes in the relationship, what to do about children from past marriages, how to deal with finances, in-laws, and death. There is great diversity in the responses, but certain patterns do emerge. The couples, unlike some single bunnies we all know, all seem to have thought

through the "idea" of sex. They may have all reached different conclusions about what place to give it in their relationships, but they do seem to have made considered decisions. Interviewee Richard says that sex "isn't what has sustained our relationship for the past eight years. What has sustained it is our compatibility, our love for each other, our trust in each other. We're not building a sexual relationship with each other. We're making a life together. We have many happy sexual years ahead of us. When and if it totally goes, it is only one small aspect of our total life together." Another points out that "when you've been with somebody you love for years and then you switch to another bed partner, the intimacy, the touching, the kissing and being held—it's not there. And that's something I don't want to get used to." Interviewee Dolly spouts one of the many mottos that these couples have: "Love is when you realize you don't have to run to the bars on Saturday night."

Some of the statistics that emerge from Mendola's questionnaire are more interesting than others. It doesn't come as much of a surprise to learn that in her study 64 percent of the men and women have sex exclusively with their partners. But I am fascinated by the fact that "71 percent of the women, as opposed to 29 percent of the men, are having problems with role identification. Only 9 percent of the men responding cited jealousy as a source of conflict, while 91 percent of the women were having problems with their relationships."

Because a book like this is a smorgasbord of statistics and interviews, its success depends upon the diligence of our chef as she moves us from dish to dish. Her background is just the right mixed bag for a project like this. She is a published poet, an ex-WAC, an ex-nun, and she has been involved in industrial marketing and video writing. She is very sensitive to the men in her book. She has a sense of humor: "When discussing male sexual behavior, one must consider both the cost of living and the rate of inflation. What middle-class man supporting a family and paying a mortgage can afford sexual fetishism?" She also has a rare sacramental feeling about people's lives which elicit the kind of humanity that unnerves. She's not over-

stating the case when she says, "There were moments during many of the interviews when I felt as if something holy were being said."

One of the most moving sections of the book is the interview with two women who are raising one of the woman's two children. The children are included in the interview, and by the end of it the interviewer, the interviewees, and the reader are in tears. The daughter Chrissie had been asked by a teacher to draw a house and to put all the people who live in the house in her drawing. So what is she supposed to do about the woman her mother is living with in the face of her nuclear-family classmates and in the face of her love for her mother and the woman? We can't hide the fact that gay relationships create existential challenges for children and their parents. It's to Mendola's credit that she doesn't gloss over the painful, raw aspects of our lives.

But individual pain is always given a political context by both Mendola and her subjects. One of her interviewees remarks, "Because society is the way it is, I feel it's harder for homosexuals to have a good and happy relationship. The only place we can go to be ourselves is the bars. But everyone in the bars has sad and hungry eyes. Their hunger is for someone with whom they can have a home—someone to do things with, someone to share with. This hunger and sadness causes people to drink and drinking just makes it worse. It's a terrible cycle."

Mendola has wisely added a section to her book which includes two longer interviews with two people who would be considered counseling professionals: Dr. Kenneth Berc, a psychiatrist, and Dr. Jean Munzer, a psychiatrist and social psychologist. Both doctors deal with straight and gay patients, and both are surprisingly aware of the political nature of their profession. Dr. Berc points out that "there's a large group of psychiatrists who say that gay relationships are inherently doomed to failure. This type of psychiatrist can be very destructive to gay couples. Through the politics of psychotherapy, the psychiatrist can subtly get the two people involved to end their relationship by alluding to the fact that this gay relationship can hurt you. The therapist wouldn't even explore the positive aspects of the relationship with the couple because it's a gay couple."

*The Mendola Report* should be required reading for any nongay who is at all interested in understanding what all these homosexuals are complaining about. And, of course, only a few will read it. But the book really is a great resource for the gay community itself. It's a pep talk for the human spirit, just in time for Christmas.

# NATIVE RHYTHMS



## uptown

By Michael Grumley

**T**here is a new moon growing over upper Broadway, and the energy in the air has folks out on the street, pushing to and fro, intent on the life of the senses. Within the walls of the old Symphony theatre, the Capoeiras of Bahia dance company is shaking and twirling, bronze torsos hanging at drums and each other. The program starts with a heavily muscled man, in white tights rolled up to the knee, weaving and grinding as he shakes a beaded gourd before him. He crouches and thrusts, crouches and thrusts, and the web of beads slips back and forth over the neck of the gourd like foreskin. The rhythm is infectious, compelling. Then comes a warrior dance with women and men onstage, the men fighting with sticks and swords, their

bare buttocks lunging backward and forward, shining black and beige between the green strands of grass that are their costumes. The men are athletes, masters of a Brazilian martial art that disguised itself as dance in slavery years, was outlawed, had a resurgence in the 1920s, and is now called a national sport. It is a whirlwind dance of continuous motion, with two men facing off and then twirling their bodies, lifting their bare feet high above each others' heads, legs spinning like windmill vans, muscles taut and glistening. The men dance naked from the waist up and their bodies are like Third World icons; at the close of the machete dance, they stand poised as if for fight, the sweat of their exertion trickling down over abdominal muscles as beautifully chiseled as fine marble.

A single dancer appears, in a dance called SURVIVAL, and in a mocha pouch leaps through jungle trees and underbrush, slitting the neck of his prey, shaking himself in a mountain waterfall, advancing and retreating, showing a profile that pulls the audience forward in its seats. His young face is a frieze under the light, his hands are soft talons.

In a slow duet, Jelom Vieira and guest Dyane Harvey slide against each other in a hot languid trance; his legs are upthrust as he saunters around her on his hands, gesturing, cajoling, seducing her with his lithe expertise. The motions of the dance are truly exciting, not merely because of the unexpected refinements of shin and gambrel, the arching skill of each twisting leap. There is something of another species in these men who use their feet like fists, their knees like elbows. Their bodies are so artfully developed, their faces so sharp and clean.

The company explodes in a final clash of dancing combat, mens' legs

moving through the air, barely grazing each others' chests and shoulders. One man catapults through the air, somersaulting over the crotch, between the thighs, of another. There is a ritual handshake at each beginning, at the end one partner spread out before the other, looking back over his shoulder, grinning, legs stretched wide apart.

It is all impossibly hot. The audience, as well as the company, is in a froth of excitement at the performance's close. They stand calling out and applauding, and bounce up and down in their seats; the men and women onstage wave and call back, continuing to move against each other as the curtain falls.

Outside, on the sidewalk, the audience mills about, unwilling to relinquish the stimulant effect. It is a New York crowd, grey heads alternating with maroon berets, crocheted skull-caps, fast-talking, hot-eyed faces catching sight of each other, smiling and laughing; finally, along Broadway and Columbus and West End, dispersing. A crowd from the Thalia joins the general melee at the all-night news stand on 96th; Hispanic studs from Ochenta's peruse the pack as it surges past. Around the corner, at 96 West, black men move onto the new dance floor amid the taunting lyrics of Millie Jackson; on toward Central Park West, the jazz bars are full-through the window of The Cellar the asses of Platinum Hook tense and relax in their white gabardine slacks, as they move with the sound of their guitars and horns.

Men dancing. The upper West Side. Sex and salsa, and the blue smoke of long thin cigars hanging over tumblers of rum and gin and Hennekens, platform shoes that never stop shuffling. Boots and sneakers and painter's pants and uncuffed leather. Legs uptown.

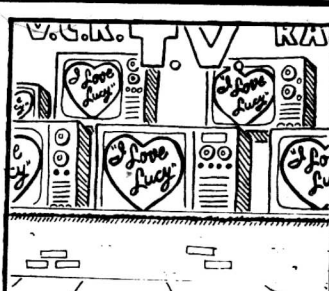
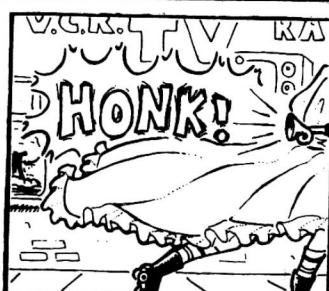
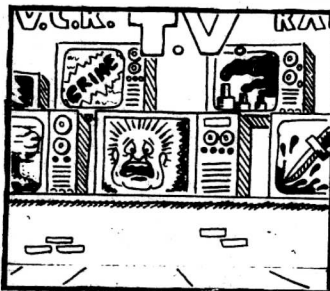
Notes from  
the  
underground

By Brandon Judell

Peter Rogers of Peter Rogers Associates, "a booming, twenty-million-dollar ad agency," has authored *What Becomes a Legend Most? The Blackgama Story*. This heartwarming tale of his major client is just what every parson's table craves. What with Avedon photos of Bette Davis, Judy Garland, and Barbra Streisand, this work could pass muster as a *Playbill* for a 1960s drag show. But these are the real ladies in all their glory. Along with the snapshots of dead mink is a history of each shooting. We learn that Cher is not Blackgama material, that Pearl Bailey loves hats, and that Peter Roger was "thrilled" when Paul-ette Goddard agreed to pose for this campaign. Fireside, the publishers of this ~~topic~~ plans next to produce a collection of Campbell's Baked Bean ads.

Happily, a new Patricia Nell Warren novel is soon to be published. According to a good source, the lead character is a humpy plumber who finds God while

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# NATIVE RHYTHMS



## uptown

By Michael Grumley

**T**here is a new moon growing over upper Broadway, and the energy in the air has folks out on the street, pushing to and fro, intent on the life of the senses. Within the walls of the old Symphony theatre, the Capoeiras of Bahia dance company is shaking and twirling, bronze torsos hanging at drums and each other. The program starts with a heavily muscled man, in white tights rolled up to the knee, weaving and grinding as he shakes a beaded gourd before him. He crouches and thrusts, crouches and thrusts, and the web of beads slips back and forth over the neck of the gourd like foreskin. The rhythm is infectious, compelling. Then comes a warrior dance with women and men onstage, the men fighting with sticks and swords, their

bare buttocks lunging backward and forward, shining black and beige between the green strands of grass that are their costumes. The men are athletes, masters of a Brazilian martial art that disguised itself as dance in slavery years, was outlawed, had a resurgence in the 1920s, and is now called a national sport. It is a whirlwind dance of continuous motion, with two men facing off and then twirling their bodies, lifting their bare feet high above each others' heads, legs spinning like windmill vans, muscles taut and glistening. The men dance naked from the waist up and their bodies are like Third World icons; at the close of the machete dance, they stand poised as if for fight, the sweat of their exertion trickling down over abdominal muscles as beautifully chiseled as fine marble.

A single dancer appears, in a dance called SURVIVAL, and in a mocha pouch leaps through jungle trees and underbrush, slitting the neck of his prey, shaking himself in a mountain waterfall, advancing and retreating, showing a profile that pulls the audience forward in its seats. His young face is a frieze under the light, his hands are soft talons.

In a slow duet, Jelom Vieira and guest Dyane Harvey slide against each other in a hot languid trance; his legs are upthrust as he saunters around her on his hands, gesturing, cajoling, seducing her with his lithe expertise. The motions of the dance are truly exciting, not merely because of the unexpected refinements of shin and gambrel, the arching skill of each twisting leap. There is something of another species in these men who use their feet like fists, their knees like elbows. Their bodies are so artfully developed, their faces so sharp and clean.

The company explodes in a final clash of dancing combat, mens' legs

moving through the air, barely grazing each others' chests and shoulders. One man catapults through the air, somersaulting over the crotch, between the thighs, of another. There is a ritual handshake at each beginning, at the end one partner spread out before the other, looking back over his shoulder, grinning, legs stretched wide apart.

It is all impossibly hot. The audience, as well as the company, is in a froth of excitement at the performance's close. They stand calling out and applauding, and bounce up and down in their seats; the men and women onstage wave and call back, continuing to move against each other as the curtain falls.

Outside, on the sidewalk, the audience mills about, unwilling to relinquish the stimulant effect. It is a New York crowd, grey heads alternating with maroon berets, crocheted skull-caps, fast-talking, hot-eyed faces catching sight of each other, smiling and laughing; finally, along Broadway and Columbus and West End, dispersing. A crowd from the Thalia joins the general melee at the all-night news stand on 96th; Hispanic studs from Ochenta's peruse the pack as it surges past. Around the corner, at 96 West, black men move onto the new dance floor amid the taunting lyrics of Millie Jackson; on toward Central Park West, the jazz bars are full-through the window of The Cellar the asses of Platinum Hook tense and relax in their white gabardine slacks, as they move with the sound of their guitars and horns.

Men dancing. The upper West Side. Sex and salsa, and the blue smoke of long thin cigars hanging over tumblers of rum and gin and Hennekeens, platform shoes that never stop shuffling. Boots and sneakers and painter's pants and uncuffed leather. Legs uptown.

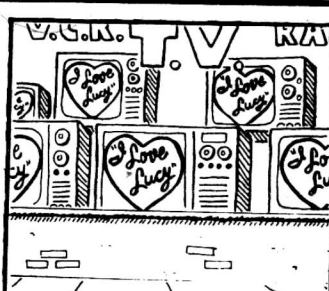
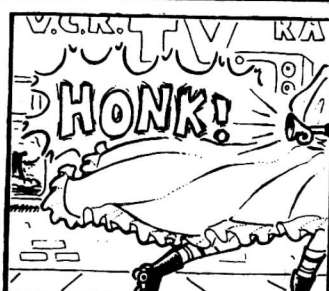
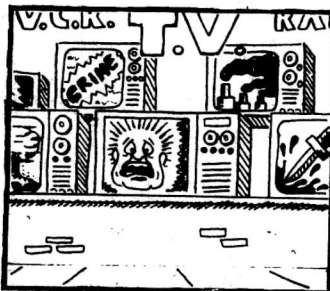
Notes from  
the  
underground

By Brandon Judell

Peter Rogers of Peter Rogers Associates, "a booming, twenty-million-dollar ad agency," has authored *What Becomes a Legend Most? The Blackgama Story*. This heartwarming tale of his major client is just what every parson's table craves. What with Avedon photos of Bette Davis, Judy Garland, and Barbra Streisand, this work could pass muster as a *Playbill* for a 1960s drag show. But these are the real ladies in all their glory. Along with the snapshots of dead mink is a history of each shooting. We learn that Cher is not Blackgama material, that Pearl Bailey loves hats, and that Peter Roger was "thrilled" when Paul-ette Goddard agreed to pose for this campaign. Fireside, the publishers of this ~~topic~~ plans next to produce a collection of Campbell's Baked Bean ads.

Happily, a new Patricia Nell Warren novel is soon to be published. According to a good source, the lead character is a humpy plumber who finds God while

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jogging in a Cincinnati park and finds a lover at a Jews for Jesus meeting. The working title: *Roto-Rooter Romp*.

I attended a post-screening celebration for the porn film *Inside Seka*, along with Molly Haskell, Gloria Leonard, and Seka's chubette husband. The fete was held at the Palace Restaurant (420 East 59th Street). For those of you who cannot afford to dine at what is arguably Manhattan's most expensive restaurant, the following is a description of their bathroom: tasteful brown wallpaper surrounds a basic urinal and toilet stall, a grandiose, gold-plated sink, and a fourteen-inch statue of a nude Roman.

If any of you have missed them, a Boston distributor regularly books a double bill of *Cruising* and *Windows*. Watching these two must be like sitting in a Mine Shaft bathtub and being sprayed with Aramis. Not a pretty image.

**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: songs by Fats Waller and a cast of five. Plymouth, 236 W. 45th (730-1760)

**THE AMERICAN CLOCK**: Arthur Miller's new play about the depression. Biltmore, 261 W. 47th (582-5438)

**ANNIE**: Orphan Annie's adventures after she got eyes. Alvin, 250 W. 52nd (757-9646)

**THE BACCHAE**: A new translation of the Euripides classic. Circle in the Square, 50th W. of Bdwy. (581-0720)

**BANJO DANCING**: A one-man show subtitled *The 48th Annual Squatters Mountain Song Banjo Contest & How I Lost Century*, 235 W. 46th (354-6244)

**BARNUM**: Jim Dale as P.T. Barnum, complete with mini-circus. St. James, 246 W. 44th (398-0201)

**THE BEST LITTLE WHORE-HOUSE IN TEXAS**: As much fun as straight sex in the missionary position that you have to pay for. 46th St. Theater, 226 W. 46th (246-0246)

**BRIGADOON**: A hundred years passed and it's still the same. Majestic, 247 W. 44th (246-0730)

**CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD**: A romance between a deaf woman and her nonhandicapped teacher. Longacre, 220 W. 48th (246-5639)

**A CHORUS LINE**: An act of love that has to be seen to be appreciated. Schubert, 226 W. 44th (246-5990)

**DANCIN'**: A Bob Fosse Ballet. Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th (247-0472)

**A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD...**: Groucho lives! Almost as good as a reincarnation. Royale, 242 W. 45th (246-5780)

**DEATHTRAP**: A playwright's submitted play, some real thrills, and a few good laughs. Music Box, 239 W. 45th (246-4636)

**THE ELEPHANT MAN**: David Bowie in a role most fine young actors would kill for, and hopefully one of them will. Booth, 222 W. 45th (246-5969)

**EVITA**: The life of Eva Peron. Strong score by Weber and

Rice. Their first major effort since *SUPERSTAR*, Broadway at 53rd (247-3600)

**GEMINI**: Is he or isn't he? Only his girlfriend's brother knows for sure. Little Theater, 240 W. 43rd (221-6425)

**HOME**: A black burlesque up from the deep South. A sell-out Off-Broadway making a successful transition. Cort, 138 W. 48th (489-6392)

**I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES**: Neil Simon's latest, and to many critics, funniest work. Just underwent major cast changes. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th (246-0220)

**A LESSON FROM ALQES**: Just opened. Starring James Earl Jones. A black man, a white couple, and political tensions in South Africa. Playhouse, 359 West 48th (541-9820)

**5TH OF JULY**: 33 years after *TALLY'S FOLLIES*, with Chris (Superman) Reeve as a gay Viet Nam vet with fellow former classmates from Berkeley. New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd (921-8558)

**42ND STREET**: No show written is worth a \$50 orchestra seat, but this one does come close. Winter Garden, 1634 Bdwy. (245-4878)

**A LIFE**: A continuation of *DA* following the life of the character Drummer. Morosco, 217 W. 45th (246-6230)

**LUNCH HOUR**: Stars Glida Radner in a play about two marriages and a lie that grows. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th (246-0390)

**MORNING'S AT SEVEN**: Four eccentric sisters and how they affect each other and their families. Lyceum, 149 W. 45th (582-3897)

**OH! CALCUTTA!**: Not worth the space to review. Edison, 240 W. 47th (757-7164)

**PETER PAN**: If you remember Mary Martin (and even if you don't) this will bring back memories of childhood, love, and faith (if you clap). Lunt/Fontanne, 205 W. 45th (586-5555)

**PERFECTLY FRANK**: A Frank Loesser postmortem with a new book. Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th (246-6380)

# NATIVE

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**THE PHILADELPHIA STORY**: A remake of the 1939 movie comedy. Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. (787-6868)

**SUGAR BABIES**: Ann Miller and her trained hair (a cast of thousands). Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st (757-7064)

**THE SUICIDE**: A Russian import directed by a Russian import. Opened to very mixed reviews. ANTA 245 W. 52nd (246-6270)

**THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG**: A Neil Simon musical that despite its beauty, has had so many cast changes that it lacks any consistency. Imperial, 249 W. 45th (266-4311)

**TINTYPES**: A delicious set of vignettes about life in America, past and present, successfully transplanted from Off-Broadway. Golden, 252 W. 45th (246-6740)

**TRICKS OF THE TRADE**: George C. Scott and Trish Van Devere (who else?) as a psychiatrist and his patient and espionage. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th (245-3430)



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Beginning in the next issue of the NEW YORK NATIVE, Dr. Stuart Berger will answer your letters in his regular column. Dr. Berger is Professor of Psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and Medical Director of Project Return in New York. On television, Dr. Berger appears weekly on MIDDAY LIVE. Please send your questions, including your address, to Dr. Stuart Berger c/o THE NEW YORK NATIVE, Room 417, 250 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10107.

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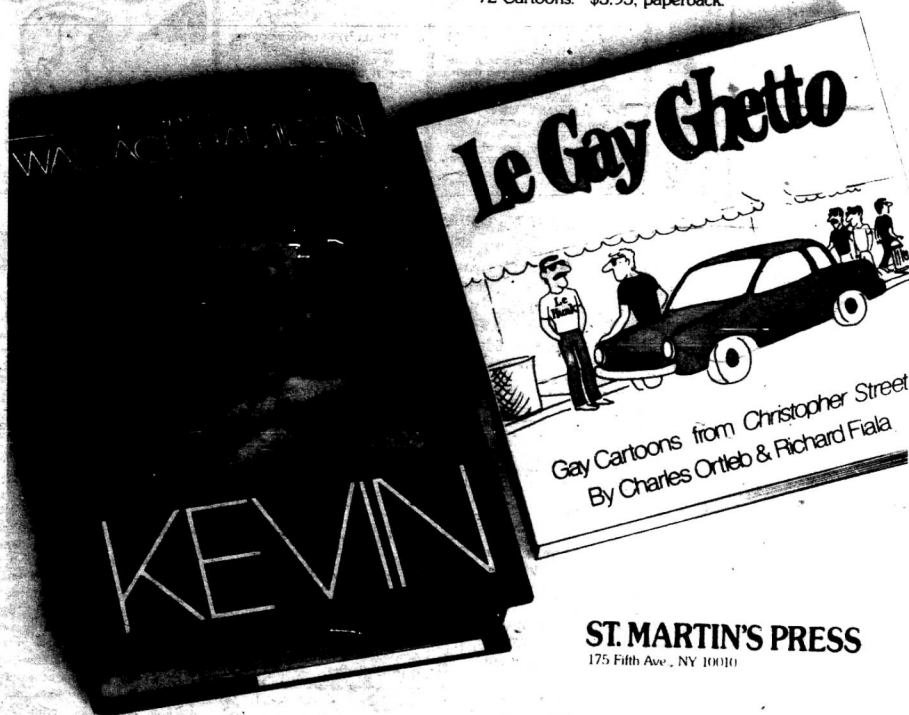
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**T**ravel agents, shop owners, religious groups, information organizations and members of the New York Gay Community Band and Chorus all joined together to hold The Gay Market Two, sponsored by the Greater Gotham Business Council, November 22 and 23. This was an unsurpassable opportunity to meet the gay merchants of the community and find out a bit more about the many nonsexual gay organizations available.

"The Gay Market Two is tangible evidence of the gay involvement in every sector of this community," explains Allan Marshall, this year's coordinator. "And when it comes to the economic life of this city, gay means business."

But it was much more than an exhibition by merchants. The event was a party with celebrants lined up outside P.S. 3 on Hudson Street, entering through two doors and with the lines stretching around the corner. Inside the school, both the main hall and the cafeteria were packed to capacity.

In the main hall, all four walls were

lined with booths from the Key West Business Guild, The Candle Shop (with offerings that ranged from simple free forms to an S-M Miss Piggy), Reservations World (who provided an out-of-town weekend for two for the raffle), and many self-help and private groups like Gay Switchboard, SAGE (helping older homosexuals), NGTF, Lesbian & Gay Neighbors (who were involved in registering new voters), and Congregation Beth Torah.

In the cafeteria, different vendors offered quiche, cookies, cakes, and gourmet items. During the two-day event, the Gay Men's Chorus, Community Marching Band, Ray Sweeney, John Andres, the cast of *Fortune*, and many others performed on the cabaret stage.

Drawings held included prizes ranging from dinners for two to cruises and weekend vacations. Held every two hours, thousands of dollars worth of valuable prizes were given away, donated by merchants at the Market.

For many of those present, it was an opportunity to see nighttime ac-

quaintances in the daylight and in a nonsexual atmosphere.

Many of the art galleries present (including the Hibbs Gallery now showing an all-lesbian exhibition), exposed patrons to their first viewing of good erotic gay art outside of bar and baths advertisements.

Doctors provided free blood pressure checks and both dentists and VD screening clinics were distributing useful information and arranging appointments. Parents of Gays (POG) was there to help those having a problem coming out to their folks or just giving advice to parents taken to the event by their kids.

GGBC has given members of the community a chance to learn about the services in their neighborhood and for the local merchants to inform prospective patrons (over 7,000 people having showed up over the weekend) that they are there, serving and belonging to their community.

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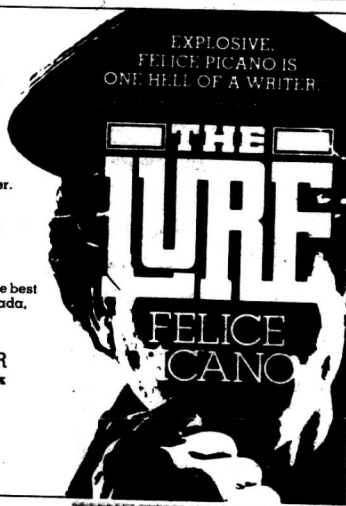
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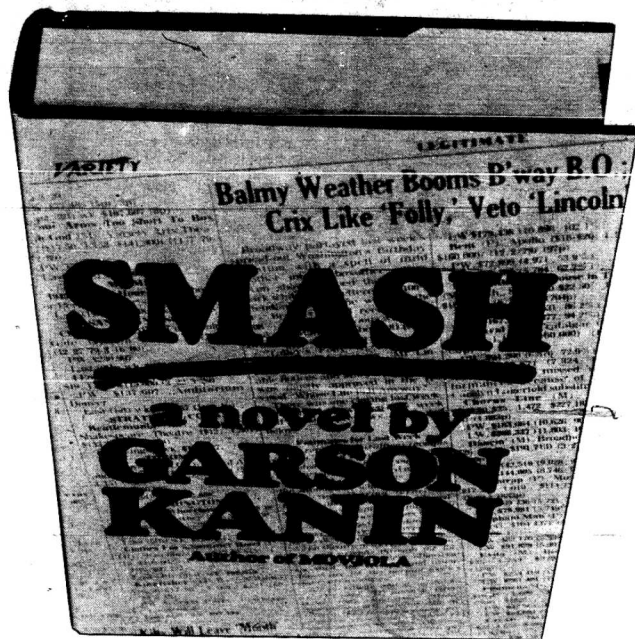
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**S**unday, six p.m.. From my window, the lights of New York harbor; in the air, the carillon of First Presbyterian Church. It's like a scene from a corny movie, possibly *Kings Row*, which I had just finished watching on TV: the President-elect's most famous film, in which he plays a double amputee and hollers, "Where's the rest of me?" The cinematic nature of the 1980 election is particularly evident in New York: Drake McHugh as President (a mirror-FDR complete with wheelchair), Fredo Corleone (the wimpy one played by John Cazale) as Senator. Manhattan's Greene-Greene race was more contempt, an echo of TV's *Patty Duke Show* ("but they're cousins, identical cousins all the way..."). Here in Brooklyn Heights, I voted for GOP congressional candidate Chris Lovell on the strength of his poster, in which the candidate's *Blueboy*-handsome face smiles fetchingly beneath the slogan "Cross-over for Christopher." I figured the guy was desperate.

Mourned the loss of Bayh, McGovern, etc., the whole well-meaning crew, but especially poignant for me was the defeat of homophobic pederast Bob Bauman as congressman from Maryland's Eastern Shore. Fifteen years ago, as a high school student in suburban D.C. and a fledgling member of Young Americans for Freedom, I'd take the bus into the city to visit with Bob (then YAF's national chairman) at his office in a seedy block of Capitol Hill. Sometimes his brother-in-law, my classmate Dave Dawson, came along too. For all his later well-deserved reputation as a bigot, I remember Bauman as witty, intelligent, and most of all, *kind* to this teenage disciple. And he never tried to get into my pants.

More than his public humiliation, Bauman's choice of therapist depresses me. He's being "treated" for homosexual tendencies by John Harvie, a priest who has made a career "curing" gay Catholics religiously. Good luck, Bob; you'll need it.

I'm Catholic, Republican, and queer; it's a measure of this city's glamour that I'm only upfront as the last of the three. Poet Steve Hamilton (Alexander's direct descendant) is an unreconstructed Hoosier, and now a *general* in the most remarkable liberation movement

to hit West Tenth Street in years: the Radical Celibate Front.

The Front is Hamilton's brainchild, founded, he explains, "to demonstrate to some people who seem to have forgotten that one does not have to walk around spending eighty percent of one's time as if one's penis were one's brain." The movement enlists those hardy souls for whom celibacy is a chosen, preferred condition, rather than one arising from disease, ineptitude, or a temporary absence of sexual partners. You can't be an RCF member merely because you haven't been getting any lately.

"I was in a mood to stay celibate for a few months," Hamilton recalls about his army's origin, "to go without trying to find somebody or trying to look available every time I walked into a bar. I mentioned it to a few people. When they admitted the possibility that I could socialize and drink and go to parties and still opt out of the sexual game altogether, it was totally threatening to some of them. I was even afraid that I'd lose friends. I felt like a Goldwater Republican in the middle of a meeting of the Village Independent Democrats. When I saw that reaction, I really started to get interested in the movement."

The Front is "the single most unpopular cause in existence," Hamilton cheerfully admits. In fact, to date he is the group's only member, unable even to recruit an *aide-de-camp* ("What kind of general doesn't have an *aide-de-camp*, for God's sake?" he complains). Lack of response among potential troops may yet cause the commander to retrench; meanwhile, Hamilton is trying to enlist new support by broadening the base of his constituency.

"Celibacy is the price of admission, but we do have other issues," he insists. "For example, the shockingly high cost of leather in the United States."

I missed a couple of terrific openings this week which I thought I'd tell you about. The first was deep in the heart of Brooklyn, at Long Island University (Flatbush and DeKalb) where English Surrealist John Digby is showing his work at the Learning Center's Gallery. (The idea of a "Learning Center" as a specialized part of a school is unnerving; whatever is the purpose of the rest of the campus?) We arrived a day late for

# NATIVE F E A T U R E

## NAKED BRUNCH

By Tim Dlugos

the party, so we retired to Junior's Restaurant across the street for supper. Junior's is famous for its cheesecake, which is unexceptional; in a juster world, it would be famous for its electric orange banquettes, its unique Roquefort dressing (in which sugar is the secret ingredient), and its use of the word "fabulous" in self-congratulatory blurbs on menus, placemats, and wall displays. All but ethnologists should be certain to give the place wide berth when you trundle out to see the wonderful world of Digby, an ex-zookeeper whose brilliant collages of animals are well worth the trip.

The head cold (there's only one in the city, making the rounds) kept me from the slam-bang opening of Holly Solomon Editions at 24 West 57th Street. Ted Greenwald, one of the best poets and nicest guys in New York, is the director of this new gallery, an uptown venture of Soho's redoubtable Ms. Solomon.

I did manage to show up at the party for *Fioreucci: The Book*, which was thrown at Fioreucci. The Store, by publisher Harlin Quist. Founder Elio Fioreucci himself was there to sign copies of the volume, along with Eve Babitz, who wrote it. The only star I recognized was Rucker Klaus Nomi, dressed in what one wag called his "Hey Bub!" look: slouch hat, leather jacket, and high-waister jeans.

Some who have attended Fioreucci parties over the years had some complaints about this one. "They used to bring in high-fashion models to dance in the windows during these bashes," a reveler told me. "Now they have the shop clerks do it." Fine by me: I adored the shop clerks, two hot kids who dressed then stripped off Fioreucci fashions as they writhed in the narrow space between the insiders (ogling, spilling wine) and the outsiders (ogling, noses pressed against the front window). Things got very giddy very fast; the corpulent Polynesian woman in the Fioreucci mu-mu was Pretender to the throne of Hawaii; we decided. In-house social director Michael Raglin made sure everyone, including Pretender, had a real nice time.

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# Calendar

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 1

**BOTH SIDES NOW:** Speakers from Parents of Gays and Gay and Young address lesbians only at the West Side Discussion Group. 242-4140.  
**ETHYL EICHELBERGER and FRIENDS** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
**BOB CUNNINGHAM DUO and SPECIAL GUEST** (every Monday) at the Greene Street Cafe. 925-2415.

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2

**JUDITH MURRAY:** Prints, drawings, paintings. Pam Adler Gallery. 980-0696.  
**SHADOWMAN AND ROMANCE** appearing at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
**TANYA MARIA** through December 7 at the Greene Street Cafe. 925-2415.  
**CHARLES PIERCE, Past-Master Female Impersonator,** performs through December 7 at the Grand Finale. 595-9052.

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3

**BELLE JESTE** (Comedy Team) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**JUDI DOZIER and WILLA BASSEM** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.



## MONDAY, DECEMBER 8

**BARBARA ZINN** (at 9) and **LIZ CALLAWAY** (at 11) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**HOW TO CHOOSE A THERAPIST:** a discussion for women on how to select a therapist trained for the special needs of lesbians. West Side Discussion Group. 242-4140.  
**SHEELA ACKERMAN and STROKER** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
**CHARLES WILLIAMS** at the Greene Street Cafe. 925-2415.

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9

**CYNTHIA SINGLETON** (at 9) and **ROBERT DRAKE** (at 11) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**THE R'S AND ETHYL EICHELBERGER as CHARLOTTA THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO** at S.N.A.F.U. Not to be missed. 691-3535.  
**BILL SAXTON with JOE LEE WILSON, HILTON RUIZ, ART DAVIS** at the Greene Street Cafe. 925-2415.  
**LOUI LIPTON SMITH** through December 13 at 9 and midnight at the Grand Finale. 595-9052.

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10

**RICHARD THORNE and THE SIDE EFFECTS** and **ETHYL EICHELBERGER** again as **CHARLOTTA THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535. 4.

## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11

**MARION GALLO: SINGER and COMEDIENNE** (at 9) and **ROCHELLE SELDEN** (at 11) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**HOW TO GET RID OF THOSE HOLIDAY BLUES.** Dr. Glenn Boles at the West Side Discussion Group. 242-4140.  
**HARRIS SISTERS and ETHYL EICHELBERGER in MEDIA and HER EX-HUSBANDS.** At S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12

**WESLEY STRICK and ETHEL EICHELBERGER** (See December 11).

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13

**KAREN MASON with BRIAN LASSER** at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**PAUL GALASSO, THE CLONETONES, and ETHYL EICHELBERGER in MEDIA and HER EX-HUSBANDS.** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
**ROBERT FRAFTS** at the Greene Street Cafe. 925-2415.  
**JULIE KURNITZ** at the Grand Finale. 595-9052.  
**GAY SWITCHBOARD GALA BENEFIT** at Bond International Casino. Evelyn Thomas with the Frank Sisters and the Bill Bickford Orchestra, beginning at 10:00 with showtime at midnight. \$13 in advance; \$15 at the door. Call Express Connections Ltd. at 249-1211, or the Gay Switchboard at 777-1800 for information.  
**MINI-WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE ON AGING** sponsored by SAGE (Senior Action in a Gay Environment) and Lesbians Rising, to be held at Hunter College, Room 300, between 12 p.m. and 5 p.m.  
**GENERAL MEETING OF LESBIAN NEIGHBORS,** 25 St. Marks Place, 8:00 p.m.  
**THE STONEWALL CHORALE** performs at Good Shepherd, 236 East 31st Street at 4:00 p.m. 689-1505.

If your club, cafe, or organization is having an event that you'd like listed in the **NEW YORK NATIVE** calendar, please "drop" it a line with all pertinent information:

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## THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4

**GAY PLACES FOR WEEKENDS OR EXTENDED WINTERS,** a rap with Hanns Ebensten at the West Side Discussion Group. 242-4140.  
**LIZ CALLAWAY** (at 9) and **ROCHELLE SELDEN** (at 11) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**SMOKE and DIANE BULGARELLI** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.

## FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5


**THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS,** world premiere of Rudyard Kipling's only full-length play, at AMDA Studio 1, 73rd and Broadway. Tickets are \$6.00. 279-4200.  
**DAVID ST. JAMES** at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**GAYLE GARNETT and FREQUENCY** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.

## SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6

**KAREN MASON with BRIAN LASSER** at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**JIMMY ANGLE, LORNA WARDEN, and DIAMOND DUPREE** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
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**THIRD ANNUAL ORCHID SALE** at the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens. 622-4433.

## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7

**MARGARET WRIGHT** (at 9) and **JEFFREY ESMAN** (at 11) at the Duplex. 255-5438.  
**SCOTT CONNORS and THE LITTLE CRIMINALS** at S.N.A.F.U. 691-3535.  
**BILLY KURNITZ** at the Grand Finale.



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This is a temporary schedule for the first five issues of the NEW YORK NATIVE. Our present plans are to continue with this arrangement into and through 1981. However, if there are any changes all advertisers will be notified.

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# BAR GUIDE

By Harold Jay Klein

Obviously, this list doesn't include every bar in New York, but if your favorite watering hole is not listed, write us at NEW YORK NATIVE, "Bar Guide," 250 West 57th Street, Suite 417, New York, NY 10017.

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**BARBARY COAST:** A real throwback to San Francisco's Castro Street, and not off the beaten path, 57 7th Avenue at 14th Street.

**BONNIE AND CLYDE'S:** Upstairs is one of New York's finest Sunday brunches while below holds a fine bar and disco, primarily lesbian. A great place to go with a large group to enjoy yourself, 82 West 3rd Street, right off 6th Avenue.

**CRISCO DISCO:** An after hours (and before hours) disco that has lines over a block long to get in as the sun rises over the city. If you don't mind being frisked (I found it a thrill), the wait is well worth it. A set of dance floors on two levels, a DJ sitting atop a giant can of Crisco, a pinball arcade, coat check, and the youngest bartenders in the city. Drinks and cover are both reasonable and it's big enough to handle the huge crowd that frequents it. At 15th Street and 9th Ave.

**DUCHESS:** A ladies only bar, proving that they can be just as raucous as the men. Nothing but raves from the women asked. Disco, reason, big pinball, and was loads of fun the last time, this reviewer was there. 70 Grove Street.

**DUPLEX:** One of the few classy cabarets left in town, expensive and expensive. Disco, reasonable prices and a young crowd. Excellent show. 55 Grove Street.

**EAGLE'S NEST:** An older S-M hangout attracting the survivors, 21st Street at 11th Ave.

**THE INTERNATIONAL STUD:** Another private club in the style of the ANVIL but with less danger, enough light to see what's happening, films, and a wide variety of possibilities. 733 Greenwich at Perry.

**KELLER'S:** Some western, some S-M, some of everything. Best on Sundays, 384 West Street near Barrow.

**MARIE'S CRISIS:** One of the spots where the bartenders hang out after hours. A piano player goes through every song ever written as the group sings along. Doile in art deco and slightly on the uncomfortable side. 59 Grove Street off 7th.

**MINESHIFT:** It's hard to describe a floor of bathtubs and what goes on in and around them, but not a place for the weak at heart or for those who like to stay dry. 835 Washington Street.

**NINTH CIRCLE:** Despite the two tacky moose heads and the stuffed rat (I don't believe it's from an opossum) behind the bar, the CIRCLE has a lot going for it. A patio provides a cool place in the summer with candlelit tables and waiter service (Aunt Grace and Sister Jim).

During the day it's a neighborhood bar attracting writers, Broadway treasure hunters, businessmen, and all served by Jimmy, the best bartender in town. An additional bar downstairs opens at night, pinball, pool tables. Really begins to fill up at 11, and none of the urgency that occurs during the night, and only barely at last call. 139 West 10th, just off Greenwich and Waverly.

**PETER RABBIT:** A bar/disco that spills out onto the street on nice evenings. One of the better spots on the West Side after a walk along the promenade, 305 West 10th, just off Christopher.

**TY'S:** The most popular bar along Christopher Street and understandably so. The most popular bar along Christopher Street and understandably so. The most popular bar along Christopher Street and understandably so.

**UNCLE PAUL'S:** This bar changes more often than a liberal politician, I understand that it has just changed again, making a practical review impossible. However, his bulletin board is a true history of the gay movement, since it hasn't changed in four years. 8 Christopher Street near Gay Street.

## MIDTOWN

**BAREFOOT BOY:** Young crowd, mostly interesting. A good disco, especially if you like mirrors. 304 East 39th Street.

**COWBOYS AND COWGIRLS:** Hustlers, hustlers everywhere, but definitely the best quality available in NYC. 244 East 53rd Street.

**G.G. KNICKERBOCKER:** Drag queens, hustlers, transsexuals, go-go boys, and dancing. Who could ask for anything more? 128 West 45th Street.

**ICE PALACE:** Lights, mirrors, sound, waiters, neon, all above average. A young crowd, sometimes mixed, is as much fun to watch as it is to join. Dress is fairly classy. Don't show up too early. 57 West 57th Street.

**NEW YORK, NEW YORK:** Private, mixed, and young crowd. Quite a disco. 33 East 52nd Street.

**UNCLE CHARLIE'S SOUTH:** Shoe horns are available to force yourself in after ten p.m. If you can make your way to the back, there's a cruise room with a pool table. Eyes meet across the eight ball and try to connect in any of the other rooms. A discaire nightly. Tuesdays are two-for-one. 3rd Avenue at 38th Street.

**UNCLE CHARLIE'S NORTH:** Sundays: free buffet; Monday: sees beer at fifty cents; Tuesdays have prize drawings; Wednesday is two-for-one. 1049 Lexington Avenue at 75th St.

## UPTOWN

**CHAPS:** THE Uptown East Side Cruise bar! A perfect example of what can happen when a bar tries to provide quality for its patrons. 1558 3rd Avenue at 87th Street.

**HURRAH:** A mixed disco with an atmosphere that changes almost nightly. 36 West 62nd St.

**NUMBERS:** When you're looking for friends as well as tricks, NUMBERS offers men a place to meet and discover each other. 2057 Broadway at 70th.

**HARRY'S BACK EAST:** A spot to go with a friend, lover, or to make a friend or lover. The front section is comfortable with honest lighting, a fine bar, and private standing booths. The back features an adequate disco with fairly good lighting for a place that's small, good sound with excellent disc jockeys, and a very friendly atmosphere. Early evening finds Broadway dancers warming

up; jocks and businessmen alike find each other. 1422 3rd Avenue at 80th Street. Saturdays there's a cover which includes your first drink.

## BROOKLYN

**DANNY'S of Brooklyn Heights:** One of the better hot spots in the borough. A decent disco with dancing and an excellent Sunday brunch. 106 Montague Street.

**RHYTHMS:** Being the only gay bar at that end of Brooklyn, catering to Borough Park, Bay Ridge, and Bensonhurst, the crowd is diverse and both gay and lesbian (though there are special "Ladies' Nights").

**RHYTHMS** features live bands of above average quality and has film nights, occasional features, and the most potent drinks in the borough. Always crowded even with a weekend cover charge (good for your first drink). A tiny dance floor in the back makes dancing that much more intimate and the sound system more than compensates for the lack of space. Adding to the charm of the bar is its excellent location just a few blocks from the B and N lines and off 75th and 65th Streets. 6826 New Utrecht Avenue.

**SAL'S PLACE:** A young crowd frequents this Brooklyn Hts. bar and disco. Fair sound but fine dancing. 73 Pineapple St., right off the promenade.

## QUEENS

**ARCK LANE:** After hours catering to the late night homecoming looking for a local spot before heading home. Ladies from 8 p.m. to 2:30 a.m., men from 4 a.m. on. Located in Richmond Hill, 130-02 Atlantic Avenue.

**BETSY ROSS:** Jackson Heights and Rego Park. Two of the gayest areas of Queens, sport more than their fair share of bars. This is not one of the better ones. Dancing, and easy to meet people, though the evening is right. 73 13 37th Avenue (by Vaseline alley).

**BILLY THE KID:** A new addition to the neighborhood, it does show excellent promise. The crowd varies from western to the very young to old. None of the youngsters hustle so a friendly hello is a friendly hello. Mostly Latin. 76-06 Roosevelt Avenue, just a few steps from the IRT 7, E, F, G, and N lines.

**FLAVORS:** The best disco in all of Queens. Attracting gays, lesbians, and even a few straights for the excellent sound and dance floor. Attracting a young crowd as well as gays from every age group. Located in Kew Gardens at 120-31 83rd Avenue.


**MR. DREAMS:** A Rego Park/Jackson Heights version of FLAVORS, proving that there is life after Manhattan. A young crowd dances till all hours in this fine disco, rated as better than anything in NY by its regulars. 63-12 Broadway, around the corner from

**BILLY THE KID:** A TOUCH OF CLASS: A restaurant during the day, the bar is very small and dark, getting very crowded on Wednesday (two for one), but quiet and intimate most of the time, providing a roost for work or to bring a friend early in the evening—but suffering from "Last Call Paris" worse than any city bar. This is a bar to avoid if you don't have night vision, as it is kept on the dark side. Convenient to subway (F) and buses and in a good area. 113-24 Queens Blvd.

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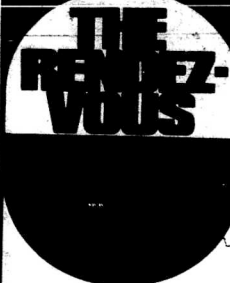


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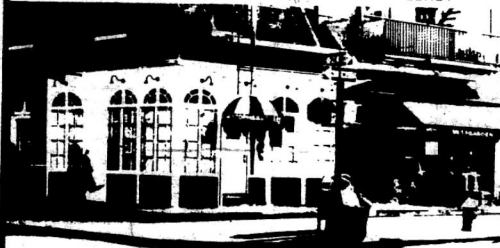
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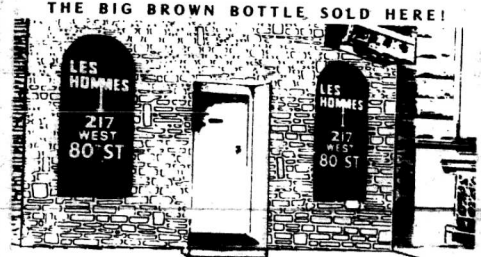
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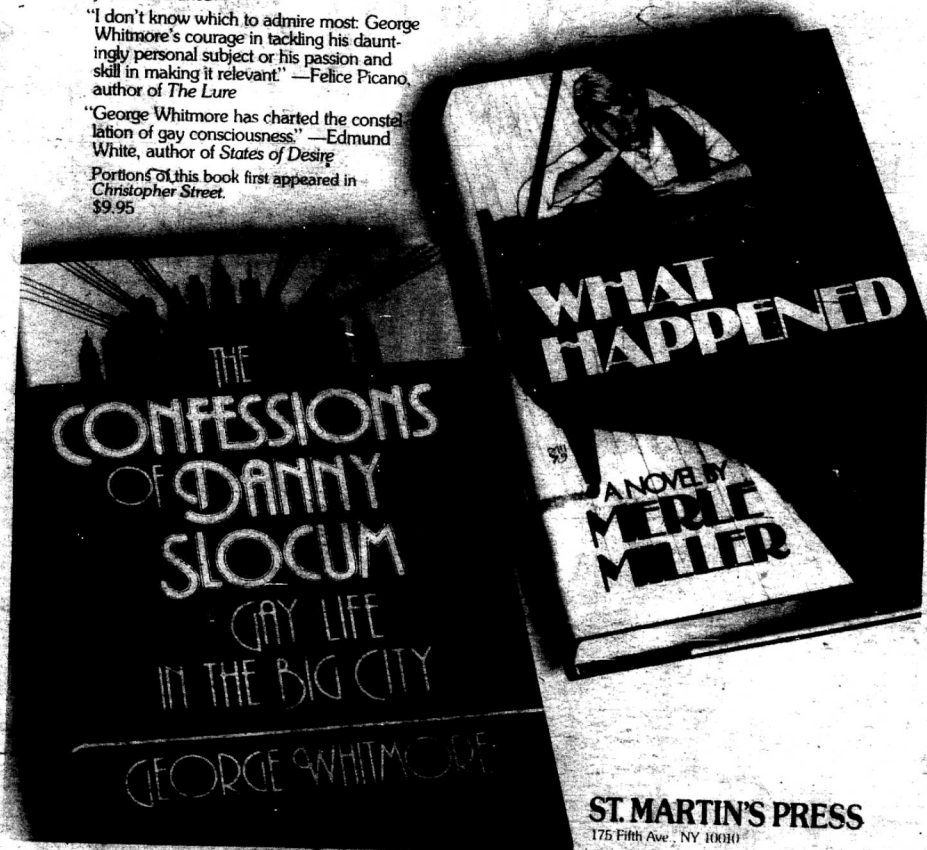
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